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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. HELMHOLTZ AND CARTER ON EYESIGHT,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	451
II. UNCLE Z.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	468
III. LYRICAL POETRY OF MODERN GREECE,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	482
IV. EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	486
V. THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." Part XXI.,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	496
VI. THE LATIN LESSON: BOY AND GIRL,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	502
VII. THE DRAINAGE OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	505
VIII. THE REGIMENTAL DOG,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	507
IX. A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IN AFRICA,	<i>London Times,</i>	509
X. DESPAIR. A Dramatic Monologue. By Al- fred Tennyson,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	510

POETRY.

IO VICTIS,	450	IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,	450
GRISILDIS,	450	DESPAIR. By Alfred Tennyson,	510
MISCELLANY,			512

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IO VICTIS.

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in
the battle of life —
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom
the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows
wore the chaplet of fame, —
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the
weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a
silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of
day,
With the work of their life all around them,
unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure,
and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its pæan for those who have won —
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and
high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and
hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors — I
stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen,
and wounded, and dying, — and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
"They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have van-
quished the demon that tempts us with-
in;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the
prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, re-
sist, fight — if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Un-
roll thy long annals and say —
Are they those whom the world called the vic-
tors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who
fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or
Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

Blackwood's Magazine.

W. W. S.

GRISILDIS.

I CURSE you, O my son's wife, Grisildis;
You, lady, sweet of brow and still of tongue,
And beautiful and fruitful, with the young
Life's red upon your cheek, the gold, that is

Light captive, on your hair. O fleur-de-lys,
(He called you so), fall with white petals
wring
From their fair rest, and golden bosom
stung
By piercing winds for the sun's tender kiss.
Weak is he now, my child, my Benjamin,
Who should be strong, and little who should
be great:
You hated not his sin, nor made him hate;
Your lustral love had burned him white and
clean.
Weep your vain tears for your soul-murdered
mate,
O stupid lamb who lion should have been.
Academy. E. H. HICKEY.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JULY 25TH, 1881.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHONBERG-
COTTA FAMILY."

NOR this, not this, O Friend, thy funeral day!
Five long years since, for thee, that passed
away,
When she was borne from thee, thy joy and
stay;

And bowed and patient here we saw thee
stand,
The children she so loved in either hand,
Thy home "unroofed," a stranger in thy land.

Lost the dear presence of that perfect wife,
Still to fulfil, alone, the double life,
Alone to bear the burden and the strife, —

Shed benedictions from a smitten heart,*
Food to the hungered from thy dearth impart,
Dying, still blessing, from thine own to part.

Till now, at last, thy double task is done;
The last fight fought, the victory fully won;
Thou'rt gone from this small world beneath
the sun.

Gone to the vision of the Crucified,
The Master loved so long, trusted and tried;
Gone where the blest who enter in abide;

Gone to the Mother City of the free,
Where mercy with the Merciful shall be,
The pure in heart the face of God shall see.

And in the many mansions fair and wide,
Serene thou dwellest and art satisfied,
Adoring now forever by her side.

Good Words.

B. C.

* Alluding to the dean's pronouncing the benediction
himself at his wife's funeral, and after receiving the
sacrament for the last time.

From The Edinburgh Review.

HELMHOLTZ AND CARTER ON EYESIGHT.*

IN his "Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects," first presented to English readers about seven years ago, Professor Helmholtz dwelt with some measure of satisfaction upon the circumstance that ophthalmic science had made an advance within a brief period of years which was quite without a parallel in any other department of the healing art. This statement was well borne out by the account which he himself gave in those lectures of the "Recent Progress of the Theory of Vision," and it is perhaps even more strikingly confirmed in the little volume which has been since printed by Mr. Brudenell Carter. Both books aim at wide usefulness, and are cast in a popular form, and both are notable and excellent in their way. But each has a purpose and method of its own. In a brief introduction which is prefixed to the lectures of Helmholtz, Professor Tyndall draws attention to the circumstance that those discourses by the Berlin professor of physics were primarily addressed to an audience of refined and cultivated literary taste, and that they were in reality delivered with a view of awakening an interest in the researches of science in that favored section of the social community. It must be admitted that their distinguished author has been singularly fortunate in the accomplishment of this design, for the lectures are models of the way in which such subjects should be presented to educated, but unscientific, people. In Mr. Brudenell Carter's more recent book the important theme which has been so gracefully and eloquently advocated by Professor Helmholtz is followed up into its practical and serviceable applications. The properties of light, and the structure and functions of the eye, are in the first instance explained; and this is done in language so simple and clear that the subject is brought within the easy apprehen-

sion of persons of the most ordinary intelligence, with one perhaps not very serious, although noteworthy, drawback, the somewhat too free use of unfamiliar words, which are out of place in a treatise addressed to the audience which Mr. Carter contemplates. It is hardly to be conceived that such terms as emmetropia, hypermetropia, asthenopia, and presbyopia can be of such frequent occurrence in the "precepts and injunctions which are repeated" in the author's "consulting-room day by day," as they are in the pages of the book which is here consecrated to the task of explaining those maxims, and of making them more readily and easily understood. With this one reservation the very high praise may be awarded to Mr. Carter's little book, that it is a worthy companion and sequence to the popular lectures of the German panegyrist of ophthalmic science. Mr. Carter's volume, although of small compass and unpretentious aspect, is really a most serviceable exposition of the principles which are concerned in the exercise and preservation of the human organs of sight, and of the functions of sound vision, as will be abundantly gleaned from some of the following notices of its contents.

All readers of the *Edinburgh Review* will be aware that the eye of the most highly organized animals, and of man, is a camera obscura, or dark chamber, analogous in many respects to the instrument with which the photographer accomplishes his very beautiful process of painting a picture by the limning power of light. The analogy between the structure of this instrument and the optical provisions of the eye has been alluded to by authors on popular science again and again, and Professor Helmholtz very skilfully avails himself of this analogy in laying the foundations of his account of the recent discoveries relating to the organ of vision. It is not, however, so generally understood how it is that either the instrument of the photographer, or the eye, remains a dark chamber, notwithstanding the fact that it has a clear and as it were open window exposed to the free impact of light. This, indeed, is not alluded to even by Helmholtz in his introductory

* 1. *Lectures on the Recent Progress of the Theory of Vision*. By Professor HELMHOLTZ. Translated by P. V. SMITH, M.D., F.R.C.P. ("Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.") London: 1873.

2. *Eyesight, Good and Bad*. A Treatise on the Exercise and Preservation of Vision. By ROBERT BRUDENELL CARTER, F.R.C.S. London: 1880.

explanation, and may therefore prove worthy of a passing remark. The circumstance is in a large measure dependent upon the somewhat curious fact that a shadow is cast behind even a transparent lens of glass when it is exposed to the full sunshine. The glass casts a deep shadow everywhere, excepting in the central spot into which the sunbeams are thrown, very much as a circular disc of opaque cardboard in the same situation might do. This is a necessary consequence of the action of the lens, since the bright focal image which it constitutes is formed by the drawing together into that spot of all the rays of light which strike upon the curved front of the glass. As all the rays are concentrated in that spot, there remain none that are available for the simultaneous illumination of the surface around. If the combination of lenses of the camera obscura, or the open pupil of the eye, are exposed in the same way to direct sunshine, a brightly luminous spot is formed in the centre of the field, and all the surrounding parts of the internal cavity are left in comparative darkness. The lenses of the camera, and the corresponding parts of the eye, in this way shut out all the light from the interior cavity, excepting that which is immediately employed for the painting of the image organically constructed within by the optical media. What is true in this case of the sun is true also of any collection of objects lit up, as in the case of the face of a landscape, by artificial illumination. Each point in the visible landscape is, in such a case, tantamount to a reflecting sun, and the image of that point is constituted within the interior of the camera or of the eye, and the combination of the images of the various points becomes a miniature picture of the external field in all its diversity of luminous intensity and shadow.

It will be unnecessary to enter at any greater length in this place upon the consideration of the optical properties of the lens, and of the means by which it so sifts out the different pencils or sheaves of luminous rays that are incident upon its curved front as to group and arrange them into correlative positions in the in-

verted miniature image after they have passed through the refracting medium. This is very lucidly and quite exhaustively dealt with in the first chapters of Mr. Brudenell Carter's "Treatise on the Exercise and Preservation of Vision." But it may be safely assumed that as much at least of this is generally understood as will enable the reader to follow with ease whatever allusions may have to be made to such optical matters for the purpose of this article.

The analogy of the camera of the optician to the human eye is, however, not complete in all its particulars. It breaks down in one very important point. The camera is adapted to its picture-forming work by sliding the front part of its rigid frame out or in, according as the objects which are to be depicted are near or far. The reason for this adjustment of the instrument to near or far work is very intelligibly explained by Mr. Carter in the following passage, which is worth quoting as an illustration of the clearness of his style, as well as for the argument which is to be reared upon its statements. In one of the introductory chapters of his treatise on "Eyesight," he says: —

Amongst the first things which may be observed by the aid of a camera is, that the nearer the object is to the lens, the greater must be the distance between the lens and the screen, in order that a clear and well-defined image may fall upon the latter; and the reason of this is not far to seek. There is, for every lens, a constant distance at which it will bring to a focus rays which fall upon it in a state of parallelism. Let us suppose, in the case of a given lens, that this distance is ten inches. It is obvious that, if the rays which fall upon it are not parallel, but divergent or spreading out from their point of issue, a certain portion of the power of the lens will be consumed, so to speak, in rendering them parallel, before it can begin to render them divergent; and hence their union in a focal point will be delayed, or will only occur further away from the lens than if they were parallel originally. In like manner, if the rays are already convergent when they reach the lens part of its work will be already done; and the focal union will occur sooner, or nearer to the lens, than if the rays were parallel. In estimating the power of a lens, we always take its focal length for parallel rays as the basis of compu-

tation; and this is called its principal focal length, or, more commonly, its focal length only. It is, of course, invariable; while the distances of its foci for convergent or divergent rays will depend, in every case, upon the degree of the deviation of these rays from parallelism. Strictly speaking, all light exists in nature in the form of divergent rays, but those which proceed from a far-distant point to fall upon so limited an area as that of a small lens may, as already said, be considered and treated as parallel. As soon as the luminous point or other object approaches the lens, however, the divergence of the rays becomes very appreciable; and so the camera, when arranged to give a clear image of the horizon, would give only a blurred and confused image of objects on the other side of a room. In order to render the latter image as clear as the former, either the distance between the lens and the screen must be increased, or else the power of the lens itself must be increased, as by the addition of a second one. Unless one or other of these changes were made, the screen would intercept the rays of light before they were brought to union, and an imperfect or indistinct picture would be produced.

In the case of the telescope precisely the same adjustment for varying distance, it will be remembered, has to be performed. The magnifying glass at the eye end of the instrument is moved out and in by the sliding adjustment of that part of the tube. But for the most remote heavenly bodies, namely, the fixed stars, no alteration of adjustment is required for different luminaries, because they are all so very far away. They are all contemplated through the lenses of the telescope as objects at an approximately infinite, or at any rate optically incommensurable, distance.

Now, although the human eye is modelled upon the same general principles as the artificially constructed camera of the optician, the resemblance has not been carried so far as to confer upon it any form of sliding adjustment. Its globular form and its tense membranous walls forbid the adoption of any such plan. It nevertheless does possess some means of accomplishing an adaptation to distance. Persons endowed with the ordinary powers of sight are aware that they can, at will, look either on trees and hills upon

the remote horizon, or on the letters of a book held within arm's length in the hand, and see both with equal facility and clearness. But they are not both visible in this distinct way at once.

The Dutch physiologist, Donders, has devised a very pretty way of demonstrating this. He points out that if a piece of net be held between a printed page and the eye, either the printed words of the page or the fibres of the net can be seen at will; but they can only be seen one after the other as the attention is shifted, in rapid succession it may be, from one to the other. When the letters are looked at, the net only presents itself as an undefined shadowy film, and when the net is the object of attention the letters melt away into a field of grey haze. In order to see first the one and then the other, some change has to be made in the arrangement of the structures of the eye, and if the net is held very near to the eye, and looked fixedly at for any considerable time, the effort is quite palpable, for it is soon accompanied by a very painful sense of fatigue. The way in which this accommodation of the eye to distinct vision at varying distances is brought about remained an impenetrable mystery until a quite recent time. It is now, however, perfectly understood, and its discovery marks one of the great steps in the advance which Professor Helmholtz alludes to in his popular lectures on the "Theory of Vision," not only on account of the scientific interest which it involves, but also on account of the revolution which it has wrought in some part of the views and practice of oculists. Before, however, this matter can be adequately grasped, a brief reference must be made to the structural conditions and arrangements upon which it depends.

The outer investment of the eyeball consists of a tough, white membrane of considerable strength, which, on account of its seeming *hardness*, has been termed the *sclerotic* coat. It is, however, tense rather than hard. It is kept tight and of a fixed globular form by the liquid with which the greater part of its interior cavity is filled. It is opaque and impervious to light, except for a short space in front,

where it is transformed into a kind of bow-window of transparent, hornlike substance, which, on account of its hornlike nature, is called the *cornea*. Through this bulging bow-window the pupil and iris can be seen. The iris is an adjustable curtain of interfaced muscular fibres, arranged immediately behind the cornea in such a way that it can be more or less drawn according to the need for diminishing or increasing the admission of light. The pupil is the dark interior cavity of the chamber, revealed through the clear central aperture, which is surrounded by the circular curtain. Immediately behind this clear central opening is fixed a double convex lens of transparent crystal, endowed with the power of forming a picture behind its posterior curved surface in precisely the same sense as the lenses of the optician's camera. The picture traced by the crystalline lens may indeed be actually exhibited in the case of the white rabbit, the coats of whose eyes are deficient in the usual opacity of the external coverings of the organ. When such an eye is taken out from the orbit of the recently killed animal, and held up with the pupil and cornea directed towards the flame of a candle, or towards a sunny landscape, an inverted image of either the flame or the landscape immediately presents itself, sketched out in light, upon the back part of the globe. In the living eye the image of light thus formed by the instrumentality of the crystalline lens falls upon a delicately organized screen of nervous texture which is termed the retina, and which, through the agency of its connection with the brain, is capable of feeling the image in all its diversity of color and luminous intensity. Such, essentially, in barest outline, are the mechanism and the optical and vital arrangements upon which the functions of vision depend.

The eye is preserved in the convenient form of a sphere or ball by the simple device of having its interior cavity filled with liquid, which prevents the limp and otherwise flexible coats from puckering up into any irregularity of shape. It is like a bladder distended with water, which is firm and tense on account of the contained liquid being so shut in by the membranous wall that it cannot escape anywhere from the tight grasp in which it is held. There are, however, in the interior of the eye, two quite distinct chambers in which this liquid is distributed, one in front of, and one behind, the crystalline lens. The lens hangs, as it

were, in the midst of the liquid. The portion which is in front of the lens is little more than a very weak aqueous solution of salt, and is on that account termed the aqueous humor of the eye; the portion which is behind more nearly resembles a solution of white of egg. On account of this somewhat thicker consistency it is termed the vitreous or glass-like humor. Both humors, however, exert very nearly the same influence upon the vibrations of the light, and the optical part of the eye thus comes to be considered as composed simply of two refracting parts — the denser lens and the thinner humors. The iris is loosely suspended in the aqueous humor in front of the lens, so that it has the water-like liquid bathing both surfaces, and thus enjoys the same ready freedom of movement that it would possess if it were simply immersed in water. The humors of the eye are supplementary aids to the image-forming capacities of the lens. But they are only subordinate aids, as their influence in this particular is comparatively small. For simplicity's sake the crystal lens and the associated humors may be looked upon as together constituting one single lens, and the visual power of the eye in reality depends upon three curved surfaces which are found in the combination of humors and lens — the front surface of the globe, or cornea, upon which light in the first instance strikes as it enters the transparent media of the eye, and the front and the back protuberant surfaces of the crystalline mass itself. The position of the definite image within the eye is determined by the form of these surfaces, taken in connection with the density of the crystalline substance and its associated humors.

But although the globular form and tense state of the eyeball preclude the idea that there can be any sliding backwards and forwards of the lens to adapt it for sharp vision at varying distances, these by no means militate against an alteration of the curvature of the external surfaces of that body — a change of its shape without any variation of its bulk. This indeed is the method which has been devised. The lens is converted into a more powerful instrument of refraction, when near objects are looked at, by a drawing in of its transverse dimensions and a bulging out of its front contour. The structural means by which this piece of delicate adjustment is accomplished within the ball of the eye without putting any injurious strain upon its exquisitely

sensitive and frail nerve textures is as admirable as it is efficient. The lens itself is contained within an outer sheath or shell of a somewhat horny character, and this is set in a circular rim held stretched out in all directions by a series of seventy elastic bands. These bands, which radiate out from the rim of the lens, are about a fifth part of an inch long, and they are connected at one end with the outer coat of the eye, and at the other with the lens. The lens settles itself down, under the outward pull of these elastic stretchers, into a certain definite form, which is therefore its shape of rest — the contour which it assumes when left free from all muscular interference — and this is its adjustment for the far point of sight. The elastic bands are, however, connected also with a series of muscular fibres which act antagonistically to them. When the muscles contract, the elastic bands act less effectively upon the rim of the lens; and when the rim is less stretched by the elasticity of its suspending bands, the front of the lens is left free to bulge itself out with its own inherency of spring. The exertion of the muscles thus permits the curvature of the lens to be so changed that it becomes like a magnifying glass of higher power, and suited for dealing with the more divergent beams of nearer objects. When the muscles are relaxed after their contraction the lens is again flattened in front by the then preponderant influence of its suspending bands, and so restored to its adjustment for distant vision. The muscles of accommodation, which accomplish the service of altering the form and power of the lens, lie heaped in puckered folds all round the outside of its rim. The optical adjustment of the eye is thus virtually an antagonistic play between mechanically elastic bands on the one hand, and living muscular fibres on the other. The elastic bands flatten the lens to fit it for the vision of distant objects. The muscular fibres bulge the lens out. But, as the contraction of the elastic bands is a merely physical operation, like the return of stretched india-rubber to its original length after the extending force has ceased, while the contraction of the muscular fibres is an active effort of animal life, the eye is destitute of all exertion and strain when it is occupied with the vision of distant things, but is the seat of considerable strain so long as it is employed in the vision of near objects. The amount of the accommodation for near vision is also proportional to the quantity

of muscular energy that is called into play. The bulging out of the front of the lens, to qualify it for dealing effectively with near objects, being a directly vital operation, is of course performed at the cost of expenditure of both organized substance and vital energy.

The conclusion that the eye is enabled to accommodate itself to sharp vision at various distances by a change in the shape of its crystalline lens is not one that has been doubtfully or loosely formed. The fact rests upon the evidence of keen observation and very careful experiment. The discovery of the process is indeed one of the most remarkable triumphs of scientific perseverance and skill. That the process is one of exceeding subtlety and delicacy may perhaps be inferred from the circumstance that it so long eluded the notice of the eager observers who were watching on its track. It was at one time supposed that the power of accommodation in some way depended upon change in the form of the front portion of the eye. This, however, was long ago disproved by an ingenious experiment of Dr. Young's. He demonstrated that the process is quite as efficiently performed when the head is plunged into water, and when the refracting power of the cornea is necessarily destroyed, in consequence of having under such circumstances an aqueous medium of nearly the same density in close contiguity both before and behind. The first material step towards the solution of the problem was made by the French surgeon Sanson. He was fortunate enough to have his attention caught by the fact that the two surfaces of the crystalline lens throw off a faint gleam of reflected light when very oblique beams of illumination are admitted into the eye from a lamp. Max Langenbeck, another very careful observer, next noticed that these faint gleams change the direction of their glance as the accommodation of the eye is altered from near to far vision. The glancing play of the curved surfaces of the lens was still further investigated by Cramer of Utrecht and Professor Helmholtz of Berlin, and, in the end, an instrument was contrived by Helmholtz which now enables the oculist not only to discern the changes in the shape of the lens, but also even to measure their amount, and to determine the precise curvature of the surfaces concerned, and the distances of those curved surfaces from each other, in any given eye. Professor Donders, the distinguished physiologist of Utrecht, has

also shown how this instrument may be turned to practical account in producing optical compensations for defective sight.

There is one particular in which it appears at a first glance that the living eye possesses a marked advantage over the camera of artificial construction. Its dark cavity is of globular form instead of being square. The image which is projected upon the nerve screen of the eye is therefore distinct over a wider range than any that can be formed upon the flat ground-glass screen of the optician's instrument. All persons who are familiar with the manipulations of photographic art are aware that it is one of the imperfections of the instrument, which opticians are perseveringly endeavoring to remedy, that, whereas the luminous picture can easily be made very sharp upon the middle of the field, it invariably shades away into confusion and blurring towards the edge. When the glass screen is so placed that the divergent bundles of light from the immediate front of the lens are brought to a sharp focus in the picture, the divergent rays from the sides do not meet in sharp focal points in other parts of the same pictorial plane. This difficulty is to some extent overcome in the work of the optician in two ways. A combination of lenses is employed, in which the contour of each constituent of the associated group is so varied as to give it a tendency to correct the imperfections of the rest. But, in addition to this, opaque screens with small circular openings, known technically as diaphragms, are so introduced between the separate lenses of the group as to intercept and cut off the most oblique rays, and in that way prevent them from blurring the outworks of the picture. In the language of the photographer, it is said that small apertures and diaphragms are needed for the formation of a picture of large angular area upon a flat field; and the nearer the objects are which are being dealt with, the more rigidly this precaution has to be observed.

In the living eye this source of imperfect definition in the picture upon the screen is materially lessened by the curvature of the globe. The nerve screen is brought round towards the spot where the lateral rays can fall as sharply in focus as the central ones. With the photographic camera it is considered a very excellent combination of lenses which furnishes upon a flat field a picture subtending an angle of 44° . In the human eye, on the other hand, a fairly useful field of 160° in width is secured. But, in

the eye, the vision is not absolutely sharp throughout the entire extent of this very wide field. A second and supplementary expedient is therefore brought into play to ensure that exquisite perfection of result which is ultimately attained in the case of the eye.

The optic nerve, which is the great channel of visual impressions, and which issues for that reason from the brain, enters the back part of the globe of the eye, about a tenth of an inch on the inner side of its centre, as a thick white cord nearly a sixth part of an inch in diameter. This cord is almost entirely composed of exquisitely fine nerve threads, distinct from each other, but packed closely side by side. There are at least two hundred and fifty thousand of these delicate threads in each nerve. When the thick white cord has passed through the outer coats of the eye, these threads are loosened out from each other, and arranged into the form of a tangled web, which is distributed along the interior surface of the globe, so that it lies in immediate contact with the transparent vitreous humor with which the posterior portion of the cavity is filled. It is this nerve lining of the eye which is termed the *network* or retina. Each of its delicate threads originates backwards in the actual substance of the brain. It is a prolongation outwards of the brain-pulp. The retinal threads are spread exactly where the luminous pictures are traced within the eyeball by the lens. They play the part of the receiving screen. The threads themselves are the communicating lines by means of which the shocks of the luminous vibrations, concentrated into focal points by the agency of the lens, are passed onwards to the brain. The nerve threads, where they are spread out on the inner lining of the eye, are associated with a considerable number of minute vesicles of pulp, and with some granules, fibrous material, and blood-vessels, which are all woven up together, so as to convert the retinal network into a kind of membrane, or tunic, in that form regarded as the inner coat of the eye. This coat, however, is everywhere so delicate as to be quite permeable to light. The nerve threads terminate in this lining web by being turned sharply back, so that their ends are thrust against the dense outer coat of the eye. Where this occurs each thread is either swollen somewhat out into a conical form, or it is moulded into the shape of a cylindrical rod: that is to say, some of the nerve threads termi-

nate in conical bulbs, which are technically distinguished as the *cones* of the retina; and some end as *rods* which are in no way swollen out, and which are therefore of smaller size than the cones. When the structure of this part of the eye is examined in plan by the help of a microscope, the cones are seen to be packed together side by side like the constituent chequers of a mosaic pavement, but in most parts with a cluster of dots, which are the transverse sections of the rods, set round and between the chequers of the mosaic. The appearance then is that of a field of conspicuous spots bordered by smaller dots. There is a pavement of rod-bordered cones. Sometimes there is only a single row of rods to each chequer of the cones; sometimes there are two or more rows; and sometimes the individual cones are fitted close together without any borders at all. But this close-set pavement of cones, unbordered by rods, is found only in one particular part of the web. It is entirely confined to the central tract of the back of the eye — the part which is immediately opposite to the centre of the pupil. The retinal membrane is there thinned away, so that a shallow depression or pit is formed. In this central pit all the coarser parts of the structure, the non-nervous fibres, the granules, the blood-vessels, and even the rods disappear, and there remains only the closely set mosaic of cones, with an investment of filmy nerve vesicles of the most delicate organization in front. This hollowed or *dug-out* part, which is, in reality, the most sensitive spot in the nerve structure of the eye, is technically distinguished as the *fovea centralis*, or central pit, of the retina. Helmholtz states that the cones, which constitute the mosaic in this central extra-sensitive spot of the eye, are smaller than those which are elsewhere associated with the bordering of rods. They have been estimated as being so exquisitely minute that not less than ten thousand of them could be ranged, side by side, within the measure of an inch. That, it must be remembered, implies that a square inch could accommodate one hundred millions of them. But, as a matter of fact, this extra-sensitive spot is of very limited extent. It is quite covered by the image of the finger-nail, held up at arm's length from the eye. It can receive not more than a word of ten letters of a page of the *Edinburgh Review*, at the ordinary distance for reading. The surrounding parts of the nerve tunic of the eye are of very

inferior sensibility in comparison with this central spot. Their acuteness of visual perception is reduced by the circumstance that their retinal cones are separated from each other by the intrusion between them of the clustering rods, and the larger the amount of rods that are thrust in between the cones, the less keen is the sense. The effective consequence of this arrangement is that such portions of the visual picture formed within the eye as fall upon the central spot are very sharply and distinctly seen, while the other parts of the image are comparatively faint and obscure. If the attention is steadily fixed upon some definite object within the range of sight, this may be experimentally proved. It will be noticed, when the glance is in this way arrested upon a printed page, that one word is sharp and clear, but that the rest of the words are more or less blurred and confused, until the eye is allowed to run along the line, and so to change the field of its operation. When this is done, the different parts of the line are brought in succession to bear upon the narrow limits of the central spot. Precisely in the same way, only those portions of a distant landscape are distinctly seen upon which the eye is centred at the instant. All other parts are obscure and blurred. It is for this reason that it is so difficult a task to see a balloon high up in the sky, until the speck has been once caught by the eye. It can only be seen when the eye is so placed that its image falls upon the central sensitive spot. But this can only occur when the eye is directed immediately towards the balloon, and when the crystalline lens is duly adjusted for the task of distant vision. So long as the eye is roaming about in search of the as yet undetected position of the minute speck, its image falls upon parts of the visual screen which are too dull for its apprehension. Color, again, is very imperfectly distinguished by the less sensitive outside portion of the retinal surface.* It is, therefore, with the living eye very much as it is with the camera obscura of artificial construction. A sharply defined picture is formed only at the part of the recipient screen which is centrally opposite to the image-forming

* It is perhaps worthy of note as a curious circumstance that the central spot of the nerve membrane of the eye is not as responsive to *faint* luminous impressions as the surrounding duller parts. It is on this account that very faint stars are often most readily seen when the eye is not looking directly towards them. The central part needs a certain measure of intensity of light for the support of its higher powers of clear definition.

lens. The eye, nevertheless, commands, as has been already remarked, an exceedingly wide field. How, then, is this turned to practical account? Any one may answer this question experimentally, and find the proper solution of this enigmatical piece of optical science, by noticing what occurs in the ordinary process of reading. The eye is rapidly and almost unconsciously run along the words line after line. This is done in order that the image of each succeeding word may be transferred in turn to the sensitive tract of the visual membrane. The eye, when it is in use, never rests still for more than a passing instant. By means of a series of muscular cords which are attached to the outside of the ball it is rapidly rolled about in all directions, and clear images of different parts of the field of view are thus formed in such rapid succession that all are in the end seen as if sharply defined at the same instant. The attention, however, is so habitually given to the small part of the visual field which for the moment is most distinct, that the simultaneous confusion and indistinctness of other parts are overlooked. The eye is superior to the artificial camera as an instrument of wide definition on account of the rapidity and facility of its vital movements. The camera *fixes its glance* upon the field in front, and forms a picture on its screen that has a clear and bright centre, and obscure and blurred outskirts. The eye *sweeps its glance* over the same range, and forms clear pictures of all its parts, one after the other, and it does this with such ease and quickness that the successive steps of the process are not consciously marked. The less sharp perception of the outer portions of the shifting scene is, however, not without a value of its own. Mr. Brudenell Carter somewhat happily points to this circumstance in the following passage:—

In technical language, the whole lateral extent of vision is called the *field* of vision, and we are said to see directly with the central part of the retina, and indirectly with the lateral parts. Indirect vision is of great value for many purposes, and especially for giving us information as to the directions in which it is desirable for direct vision to be exerted. On this account the indirect is sometimes called the defensive part of the field, since it gives warning of the approach of large objects, and saves people from being exposed to many dangers. There are certain diseases of

the eye in which the outer part of the field of vision is lost, so that the sight is circumscribed as if by looking through a tube; and in these cases, although central vision may be good, and the patient able to read small print, there is yet great difficulty in guiding the footsteps and in avoiding obstacles, especially moving obstacles as in the street. There are many persons with contracted visual field who in one sense can see tolerably, and yet who would not be safe in a crowded thoroughfare. The loss of lateral or indirect vision renders them unable to ascertain correctly the relative positions of objects, and entirely conceals from them many which they would require to see in order to guide their steps with safety. An exceedingly curious example of the effect of contraction of the field of vision was lately related to me by an old gentleman, who had suffered from a malady which produces this effect, but whose remaining central vision I had been able to preserve by an operation. With the aid of spectacles he could read such type as that of this book perfectly, but he was somewhat short-sighted, and without spectacles even his central vision was a little doubtful. Standing one day at the entrance to the garden in front of his house, he was much puzzled by the odd movements of two things on the ground—things which he thought were two black birds of unknown species, hopping about and behaving very strangely. They turned out to be the feet of a market woman who had brought something for sale, and whose body was invisible to him so long as her feet were in view.

But as there is one spot of supreme sensibility in the eye, there is also another part of the retina which is absolutely insensible to light. This is known technically as the "blind spot." Although rarely noticed, it is easily discovered when the attention is appropriately drawn to its existence. If a ship lying at anchor in a roadstead be looked at from the shore with one eye closed, whilst a second vessel with bright white sails pushes close to it, and then moves gradually away, it will be found that the one which is in motion suddenly disappears, or is blotted out, from the visual picture, and then comes into sight again. If the ship be sailing from left to right, the *right* eye must be used in the experiment, and the left eye be closed. The moving ship disappears because at that instant its image falls upon the blind spot of the eye. If a cross be made upon a sheet of paper, and the capital letter S be traced three inches, and a little lower, away to the right, thus,

and if, whilst the left eye is closed and the attention of the right eye steadily fixed upon the cross, the paper is gradually withdrawn to about ten or twelve inches distance from the eye, precisely the same effect will be observed. The letter will suddenly be blotted out, and then come into sight again as the distance of the paper is further increased. The letter disappears just when its image is thrown upon the insensible part of the retina. The explanation of this insensible spot is that it occurs where the optic nerve enters the ball of the eye, and where, therefore, there are no terminations of nerve threads spread out for the reception of the visual impression. The reason why this blind spot is not always perceived as a blot in the visual field is that it is placed outside the part where distinct images are formed, and also that two eyes are employed in the work of vision. The portion of the field that is blotted out in one eye is at the same instant visible in its companion. This latter expedient for the effacement of the blot is so effectual and complete that, notwithstanding the many millions of human eyes that had previously been affected by its presence, nothing was known of its existence until the reign of Charles II., when it was detected for the first time by the French priest Mariotte. This blind tract of the retina is nevertheless of such ample dimensions that it is capable of swallowing up the image of eleven full moons placed side by side in the sky. It is just covered by the image of a human face looked at seven feet away. Mariotte was in the habit of amusing Charles II. and his courtiers by showing them one-eyed apparitions of themselves with their heads cut off.

The power of the eye to distinguish very minute objects depends upon the size of the cones in the central sensitive spot of the retina. Any image that can be completely sketched upon one of these cones can be seen as a visible point. The cones, or, in other words, the chequers of the retinal mosaic, are the sensational units. When the images of two contiguous and really distinct objects fall upon one cone of the retina, the double impact is fused into a single impression. The power of the microscope depends upon its spreading the image of the object that is looked at so widely out within the eye that more sensational units, or more chequers of the retinal mosaic, are engaged in the task of examining the details of the picture. Two stars that lie less

than one minute of the spherical vault of the sky apart are seen as a single star, because the image of both is then impressed upon a single cone of the retina. But when they are looked at by a telescope two shining points are seen, because then each has its own image impressed upon a different cone. Most eyes fail to be able to distinguish parallel white threads that are seventy-three seconds apart, but Helmholtz gives an instance of one keen-sighted observer who could distinguish separately objects that were within fifty seconds of each other. A black speck on a white ground can be seen by good eyes when it is the four-hundredth part of an inch across. But specks of shining gold can be seen when not more than the eleven-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Black and white chequers, the twenty-fourth part of an inch across, can be distinguished when held up at such a distance from the eye that the image of each chequer occupies something like half the breadth of a cone of the retina.

The accommodation of the eye to sharp vision is accomplished without any conscious effort. When the glance is directed from a remote to a near object, the eye at once adapts itself to the new task which it is called upon to perform. The muscular bands set round the rim of the crystalline lens are thrown into action, and the front curve bulges itself out to the requisite extent. But, simultaneously with this, the pupil is contracted to a smaller size to cut off the most oblique rays of the luminous bundles then issuing from the near object, because these would confuse and blur the image if they were allowed to fall upon the retina. At the same time the two eyes are so rolled in their orbits as to be convergently directed to one common point. This convergence of the two eyes is so essentially and absolutely an unconscious act that persons with ordinary powers of sight cannot move one eye without its companion automatically adjusting itself to look directly at the same object or spot. One eye can only be turned more towards the right or left by moving both. So, again, if the stimulus of a strong flash of light is thrown suddenly into the pupil of one eye, so as to cause it to contract for the exclusion of the superfluous flood of illumination, the pupil of the other eye contracts also in intimate and apparently unconscious sympathy with its companion. The proper accommodation of the eye in all these correlative particulars is

at once effectively brought about by merely directing the glance to the object which is under notice. The marvellous organ then does all else that is requisite of its own accord. The eyes do not even partake in the motion of the head if this is turned when their glance is fixed on a still object. Without conscious effort they accomplish the really surprising task of keeping themselves fixed upon the right point of attention, even whilst the platform upon which they are mounted is twisted about. These correlated and automatic movements of the eyes are so important and complicated an affair that a special part of the brain has been organized to take charge of their regulation and control, quite irrespective of any exertion of the will.

The crystalline lens of the eye, which plays the chief part in forming the beautiful image that is traced upon the nerve coat of the organ, is itself constructed out of a series of flattened fibres of albuminous substance grouped in symmetrical loops round six separate axes, and connected together at their edges by interlocking teeth. The transparent mass built up in this way is comparatively soft at the beginning of life; but it gets harder and denser with the progress of time. One natural consequence of this method of construction and gradual hardening, however, is that the movements of accommodation, which involve a change in the shape of the lens, are less easily performed with advancing years. The adaptation for distant sight which requires no muscular effort remains unimpaired. But the bulging out of the lens for dealing with near objects and more divergent rays cannot be properly performed. The lens gets to be too rigid to suffer any material alteration of shape. This is the cause of the failing sight of age. In early life the lens can be so curved as to deal effectively with objects that are not more than four inches and a half from the eye. At the age of forty years the lens generally cannot be curved enough to form a sharp image of any object that is less than nine inches away. At fifty years the point of nearest sight is removed to thirteen inches; at sixty years to twenty-six inches; and at seventy years all power of accommodation is, for the most part, lost—that is to say, the lens has become too rigid to be able to alter its form at all, and therefore remains permanently fixed in the contour that suits it for distant vision. But the increase of the curvature of the lens, for the accomplishment of

near vision, is virtually the same thing as if an additional convex lens were introduced into the eye. The remedy for the failing accommodation and imperfect sight of age is therefore to add such a second lens in front of the eye. In other words, spectacles with convex lenses must be employed when the sight is used for near objects. The increased refracting power which cannot be furnished by the living movements of the eye is thus artificially supplied by the addition of an outside lens, and the divergent rays from near objects with its aid can be brought into sharp focal points within the otherwise too shallow depth of the ball. Such objects as the page of a printed book are held far from the eye in order that the pencils of rays which enter the pupil may be so lengthened out as to enable them to be focussed within the available span of the weakened and unadjustable lens. But then, with this expedient, the sharp image is brought within the depth of the eye at the cost of being materially diminished in size, and when it is so reduced it is, of course, less advantageously dealt with by the fewer nerves which receive the impression. A magnifying glass then increases the size of the image within the eye because it enables sharp focussing to be accomplished when the object is nearer to the organ, and when, therefore, the image is spread out upon a larger extent of the retinal membrane.

For a considerable time after the use of spectacles was introduced there was no recognized system of expressing their optical power. Every maker adopted some arbitrary plan of his own. But about the year 1860 a scheme was proposed for remedying this irregularity. The power of the lens was then marked by figures that expressed in inches the distance at which parallel rays were brought to a focus. Thus No. 16 implied that the lens would form its sharp image for parallel rays sixteen inches away. An alternative and still more satisfactory scheme was devised by Professor Donders of Utrecht, and is now coming into general use. In this system the French metre, which corresponds to 39.37 inches, is adopted as the unit of the nomenclature. No. 1 lens thus means a lens which forms a focal image for parallel rays one metre's length from the glass. Each succeeding number then implies the halving of the focal length and the doubling of the power. No. 2 forms its focus half a metre, and No. 3 a quarter of a metre away; No. 2

also is double the power of No. 1, and No. 3 double the power of No. 2. The unit of this system, which has the great advantage that it promises before long to be universally adopted by different nationalities, is technically designated "a dioptric."

One of the prominent objects of Mr. Brudenell Carter's book is the teaching of the doctrine that the compensation of spectacles shall be immediately applied as soon as failing sight begins to manifest itself with advancing years. No more mischievous mistake can well be made than the one which is involved in the prevalent idea that the use of spectacles should be put off as long as possible. This becomes evident at a glance as soon as it is understood that the case is one of incapacity of the lens of the eye to adapt itself to near vision in consequence of loss of accommodative power. The continued effort of the delicate mechanism of the eye to accomplish a task which is beyond the measure of its capacity must necessarily be attended with an injurious, as well as a painful, strain. Squinting is one of the evil consequences which are apt to ensue if such fruitless efforts are long persevered in. Mr. Carter remarks upon this point in the following monitory strain:—

We have seen that the effect of accommodation is precisely that of adding a convex lens to the passive eye; and so, when accommodation fails, we can supply its place by adding the required lens by art. To do this is the ordinary function of the spectacles which are required by all people, if their eyes were originally natural, as time rolls on; the principles on which such spectacles should be selected is that they should be strong enough to be effectual; and they should be used as soon as they are required. Opticians often supply glasses which are too weak to accomplish what is needed, and which leave the eyes still struggling with an infirmity from which they ought to be entirely relieved; while the public frequently endeavor to postpone what they look upon as an evil day, and do not obtain the help of glasses until they have striven hard and fruitlessly to do without them. These are important practical errors. It cannot be too generally understood that spectacles, instead of being a nuisance, or an encumbrance, or an evidence of bad sight, are to the farsighted a luxury beyond description, clearing outlines which were beginning to be shadowy, brightening colors which were beginning to fade, intensifying the light reflected from objects by permitting them to be brought closer to the eyes, and instantly restoring near vision to a point from which, for ten or a dozen years previously, it had been slowly and impercepti-

bly, but steadily, declining. This return to juvenility of sight is one of the most agreeable experiences of middle age; and the proper principle, therefore, is to recognize loss of near sight early, and to give optical help liberally, usually commencing with lenses of $+1.25$ or $+1.50$, so as to render the muscles of accommodation not only able to perform their tasks, but able to perform them easily. When, as will happen after a while, in consequence of the steady decline of accommodation, yet more power is required, the glasses may be strengthened by from half a dioptric to a dioptric at a time, and the stronger glasses should at first be taken into use only by artificial light; the original pair, as long as they are found sufficient for this purpose, being still worn in the daytime.

In his chapter on the management of aged sight, Mr. Carter alludes to a somewhat elaborate article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* some years ago as having "given new life to a variety of erroneous and mischievous beliefs which were founded upon misconception of facts." The article to which he refers should, perhaps, have been rather adduced to illustrate the changes of view that occur as a natural incident in the progress of advancing knowledge. It was written before anything was known of the mechanism of accommodation which has been here described. In one passage its author avowedly states that it was still an unfathomable mystery how adjustment to vision at various distances was brought about in the eye, and in another the imperfection of aged sight was ascribed to "the flattening of the ball of the eye."* The doctrine of the reviewer to which Mr. Carter takes exception is to the purport that the effect of spectacles diminishes with their use, and that such use should therefore be deferred as long as possible—conclusions which are enforced in one passage by the plausible and misapplied aphorism that "tools become weapons in careless hands." The common prejudice against using spectacles as soon as the impairment of the sight begins to be observed with advancing age appears to have unfortunately arisen from the fact that there is a serious disorder of the eye, known as glaucoma, which is attended with obscure vision, resembling that of old sight, but which is nevertheless altogether different in its essential condition. The mischief in glaucoma usually proceeds with an accelerated pace. Stronger and stronger glasses are

* The article, which was on "Spectacles," appeared in the issue of the *Quarterly* for June, 1850.

used on account of the assistance which each fresh accession of strength at first gives. But the sufferer in the end becomes hopelessly blind, and the result is then erroneously attributed to the influence of the glasses which have been employed, although as a matter of fact this has had nothing whatever to do with the issue of the case. The injury to the sight in such instances is really due to an over-tense state of the eyeball having been set up, and to the destruction, in consequence of abnormal pressure, of the delicate nerve structures within.

Mr. Carter unhesitatingly affirms that the habitual use of strong magnifying glasses is not injurious to ordinary eyes, and he supports his opinion in this particular by referring to the circumstance that watchmakers, who commonly employ magnifying glasses in their work, in reality enjoy a very enviable immunity from diseases of the eye. It appears that it is quite an unusual thing to find a working watchmaker amongst the patients of an ophthalmic hospital. Mr. Carter holds that the habitual exercise of the eye upon fine work, such as these men are engaged in, tends to the development and preservation of the powers of vision, rather than to their injury.

Artificial illumination is somewhat more trying to the eye than daylight. Its injurious influence is chiefly due to the deficiency in its beams of the violet rays which are most especially serviceable in the processes of vision. The red and yellow tints in such light are in excess. This is in some measure put right when the red or yellow glare is passed through blue glass screens. But this expedient unfortunately so much reduces the absolute amount of illumination that the remedy is almost as bad as the disease. Deficiency of light is always injurious to eyes that are engaged in exacting work. On this account the ordinary plan of lighting a room where fine work of any kind has to be carried on by central gasburners hung from the ceiling, is objectionable in the last degree. In this plan of artificial illumination, the light is given in excess where it is not required, and it is deficient where it is wanted. Oil lamps, with well-arranged argand burners, accompanied by reflectors and screens, are, on the other hand, amongst the best kinds of illumination that can be adopted. Mr. Carter alludes to the form of oil lamp commonly known as the queen's reading-lamp, which was in the first instance introduced by Stobwasser of Berlin, in

terms of unqualified and well-deserved praise. But the moderator lamp is quite equal to it in all serviceable qualities, if furnished with a similar shade of dark-green glass lined with the white surface within. The most trustworthy and pleasant of all lights for evening use is certainly that which is supplied by a moderator lamp so arranged that the eye is protected from the glare of the flame, at the same time that the light is evenly and softly thrown upon the work. It is an additional drawback to artificial light that it contains more heat than is present in diffused daylight, and that if long and injudiciously used it is apt, on that account, to be injurious to delicately sensitive eyes. This objection particularly applies to such lamps as that of Mr. Silber, in which the heating effect is increased in nearly the same proportion as the brilliancy of the light in consequence of the perfect combustion of the oil. Mr. Carter advises that, when lamps of this class are employed, a flat half-inch cell of plate glass, filled with a saturated solution of alum, should be placed between the lamp and the eye. This effectually intercepts the heat, and yet does not materially diminish the light. When candles are adopted instead of a lamp, it is advisable that whatever number are in use should be grouped as near as possible together, so that the light may be shed evenly from one common centre. Cross-lights are always distressing to the eye. Mr. Carter particularly recommends that the least exacting kinds of work should be reserved for evening and night. Thus men engaged in literary pursuits should read most by day, and write most by night. It is worthy of note that reading causes more strain to the eye than writing, and that copying work in writing makes a greater demand upon the organ of vision than off-hand composition. Twilight, and a mixture of twilight and artificial illumination, should be avoided for any kind of work. The pale cobalt-blue tint is the best that can be employed when protection for the eye from intense glare is sought, as in the case of travelling upon snow-fields in bright sunshine. The green glass that is often adopted for this purpose is not by any means so worthy of confidence. Reading in railway travelling is objectionable in the highest degree for a very obvious reason. The oscillation of the carriage continually alters the distance of the page from the eye, and so calls for unceasing strain in the effort to keep the organ in due accommodation for

the ever-varying distance of the dancing image.

The exact fitting of the framework of spectacles to the face and eyes is of more importance than is generally conceived. If the centres of the lenses of the spectacles do not accurately coincide with the centres of the pupils of the eyes, the consequence is that the images in the separate eyes are a little displaced from the positions which they ought to hold, and that a somewhat painful and injurious effort has to be made by the eye to bring those images back into due correspondence for accurate vision. An incipient squint is apt to be in this way produced. Mr. Carter recommends that people should look to the centring of their spectacles for themselves. This may be easily done by standing before a looking-glass with the spectacles in their place. If the fit is a good one, the centre of the pupil should then appear in the centre of the rim. Fully formed spectacles are always to be preferred to folding frames, because they permit of more satisfactory adjustment in this particular, and because they are more easily kept in the right position with regard to the eyes. The only advantage which the pebble enjoys over glass for the construction of spectacles is the immunity which it possesses against scratching and fracture on account of its greater hardness.

The defect known as short sight is due to exactly the opposite cause to the one which is operative in the failing sight of age. The passive eye, when no accommodation effort is made, is in such conditions incapable of bringing the rays from remote objects into focus upon the retinal membrane of the organ. The globe of the eye is too deep for the powers of its optical, or image-forming, parts. The sharp image is traced within the vitreous humor of the eye where there is no nerve membrane spread for the reception and recognition of the luminous picture. With such eyes the natural range of sharp vision is limited to something like five or six inches of distance from the front of the organ. All objects beyond that are obscure or invisible. The accommodation power, however, is effectively applied to nearer distances than in ordinary eyes. Very near objects can be sharply seen. The near point of short-sighted vision is generally within three inches of the eye. In such a case the retinal image upon the nerve membrane of the eye is one-third larger than the one which would be formed with ordinary sight, and it is at the same

time twice as bright. Short-sighted persons, on this account, can see smaller objects than long-sighted persons can, and also can see with much fainter light. The artificial remedy in the case of the short-sighted eye is the employment of spectacles with concave lenses; as by the use of such lenses the pencils of light that enter the eye are made more divergent than they would otherwise be, the sharply defined image is thrown further back in the eye, and thus brought upon the too distant retinal membrane. The familiar and common idea that short sight improves with advancing age is not in accordance with fact. The slight improvement in vision that occurs with the progress of time is simply due to the narrowing of the pupil, and to the consequent exclusion from the eye of very oblique rays. Short-sighted people in old age very commonly need the help of convex glasses for near objects at the same time that they require concave glasses for distant vision.

Mr. Carter most clearly proves that short-sighted persons should begin to use concave glasses at once when the defect in their vision is observed. The fault is primarily due to the circumstance that the ball of the eye is too deep for the converging power of its lens. The retina is set too far back. But it unfortunately happens, when this is the case, that the continued effort to see objects beyond the natural range of the eye exerts a strong tendency to still further increase the backward elongation of the organ, and in that way to increase the original defect. This may in extreme cases be carried so far as entirely to destroy all power of sight. It can hardly be too clearly or too generally understood that the short-sighted eye must at all times be looked upon as a weak organ rather than a strong one, and as open to dangers which do not affect more ordinary eyes to the same degree. The defect too commonly originates, indeed, in a feeble and preternaturally unresisting state of the outer coat of the organ, upon the elastic resiliency of which the preservation of the proper proportions and shape in some measure depends. If delicate children, in whom such a condition is most apt to be found, are allowed continually to bring their work up nearer and nearer to the eye, and to sit straining at close application for long periods, short sight is almost certain to be engendered. In such cases concave spectacles are required, not so much to make the sight better, as to com-

pel the keeping of the work further away from the eye, and so to remove the strain which is augmenting the mischief. Mr. Carter is earnest in his condemnation of the reprehensible practice of teaching delicate children to read and write at too tender years. Some careful investigations, made by Dr. Cohn at Breslau, prove that something like one child in ten at ordinary schools is affected with short sight, and that the short-sighted children are almost invariably found in badly lighted schools, and where the desks and seats are so planned as to cause stooping whilst at work. Dr. Erismann in Russia, and Drs. Agnew and Loring in America, strikingly confirm these observations of Dr. Cohn, and there seems to be but too good ground for the suspicion entertained by Mr. Carter that badly lighted and injudiciously furnished schools must be regarded as nurseries for the development of short sight. The well-ascertained fact that short sight is most prevalent in England amongst dwellers in towns and amongst the children of the educated classes, certainly tends to support this view.

There is another form of irregularity of vision, dependent upon faulty construction of the optical mechanism of the eye, which is not unfrequently met with, and which is due to the curvature of the front portion of the globe of the eye not being exactly the same in all directions. The curve is for the most part flatter in a transverse direction than it is in a vertical one. Nearly all eyes are affected with this irregularity in a slight degree; but it then does not produce any sensible defect in the sight. When, however, it is present in a more marked degree, vertical and horizontal lines cannot be simultaneously brought into sharp vision upon the retina. When the letters in a printed book, which are principally composed of upright strokes, are fairly seen, other characters, which are chiefly formed of transverse strokes, are so confused that they cannot be distinguished from each other with certainty. This defect is technically known as astigmatism, a word which implies that all the divergent pencils concerned in the formation of the visual image are not brought to sharp focal points. The defect is discovered by looking attentively at a figure composed of black lines crossing each other transversely and obliquely after the manner of the rays of a star. When some lines in this figure are sharply defined, others are blurred and confused.

An American physician, Dr. Pray, has devised a very excellent test for the detection of this visual imperfection. He employs bold capital letters, some of which are formed of lines ranged horizontally, and others of lines drawn transversely or obliquely. When these letters are looked at by an astigmatic eye at a distance of six or eight feet, the stripes are visible in some letters and not in the rest. This defect is capable of being remedied to a considerable extent by the use of spectacles whose lenses are of a cylindrical instead of spherical contour.

There is one very serious structural defect of the eye too frequently met with, which has an interest of its own on account of the remarkable success with which the principles of optical science are applied for its relief. It occasionally happens that, as the crystalline lens of the eye condenses and hardens with advancing years, it thickens at the same time and loses its permeability to the passage of light. The pupil then assumes the translucent aspect of a mass of falling water, and the disease has on that account received the name of cataract. The sight is in the first instance impaired during the production of this opacity of the lens, and ultimately lost. The remedy for the defect is the removal of the obscured lens out of the way, and the employment in its stead of an artificial lens of glass placed in the front of the eye. The crystalline lens is extracted from the interior of the eyeball through an opening cut into the outer coat of the organ for the purpose. After the removal of the lens no image, of course, is formed upon the nerve membrane of the eye until a lens of glass is placed in front of the pupil. A most striking proof is then afforded of the circumstance which has here been insisted upon, that the accommodation of the eye for vision at various distances is accomplished by the crystalline lens. After this lens has been removed by the surgeon, all power of accommodation is lost. Spectacles of different powers have to be employed for near and for distant objects, and no objects can be distinctly seen but those which happen to be at the distances for which the spectacles are immediately fitted.

The eye does not deal achromatically with the colored constituents of light. But the chromatic dispersion which it causes is not so great as that which is produced by glass, on account of the fluid or moist nature of its refracting media. When the flame of a distant street lamp

is looked at through a piece of blue glass, a red image is seen surrounded by a broad, violet-colored halo. The green and yellow rays issuing from the flame are in such circumstances intercepted and quenched in passing through the glass, while the red and blue rays traverse it. The red and the blue rays, however, do not then travel exactly along the same path after they have entered the ball of the eye. They are separated from each other by the dispersive power of its refracting media, the lens and humors, and so seen in the form of a red centre fringed with blue.

The vitreous humor which intervenes between the crystalline lens of the eye and the retina is not absolutely homogeneous and pellucid in its structure. It contains traces of fine fibres, and minute vesicles, scattered about, and floating more or less in the more liquid portion. These floating motes, although possessed of a considerable measure of transparency, are not as thoroughly permeable to the vibrations of light as the investing liquid. They cast faint shadows upon the retina, which are apt to be noticed, when the attention is fixed upon them, as flying specks. They scarcely ever appear immediately in front of any object that is under close scrutiny, but present themselves floating about somewhere around. They exist naturally in all eyes, and can always be discerned when a white cloud is looked at through a pinhole pierced in a card. They are occasionally increased in number or conspicuousness from some incidental derangement in the composition of the humor, and are then apt to become annoying or troublesome, although not really indicating any serious mischief in the organ. It is under such circumstances that the floating motes are spoken of as *muscæ volitantes*.

Helmholtz, in the face of the various considerations which have here been rapidly passed in review, adopts the somewhat startling doctrine that the perfection of the eye depends not upon the excellence of its construction as an optical instrument, but upon the manner in which it is used. As a mere optical instrument the organ is, he says, singularly imperfect. It has, in some degree, every defect that is liable to occur in crude and clumsy human work, and it has special faults in addition that are not incident to artificially made instruments. The chromatic aberration of its humors, the astigmatism of its irregular contours, the blind gaps of its nerve screen, the imperfect trans-

parency of its refractive media, the interposition of blood-vessels in front of the retinal membrane, the narrow limitation of the area of sharp definition, and the prevalent blurring of the lateral parts of the field, are all conditions which must be classed as optical imperfections. Yet every one of these imperfections is so counteracted and neutralized in the use of the organ under the plan of the employment of two eyes, and under the expedient of the rapid transference of the attention to different parts of the image, that it is actually unrecognized as a defect, and undiscovered until the most refined powers of scientific investigation have been brought to bear for its detection. Helmholtz aptly remarks in regard to these structural shortcomings: "The perfection of the eye is practical, not absolute. It consists not in the avoidance of every error, but in the fact that its numerous defects do not prevent it from rendering the most important and varied services." Its crowning glory is, not that it is a piece of elaborately perfect mechanism, but that it is a living organ unceasingly adapting itself to an endless diversity of varying conditions, with never-failing success, and with never-swerving exactness. It is in this sense that the eye deserves the eulogy which is, in the end, pronounced upon it by Helmholtz himself, and which is to the effect that of all the triumphs of living organization it is "the choicest gift of nature — the most marvellous production of her plastic force."

But although the optical projection of a sharply defined picture upon the nerve membrane spread within the eye is the indispensable base of the act recognized as vision, this is by no means the ultimate completion of the process. When the vibratory impulse of the luminous beams has been stamped upon the inmost layers of the retina — the outspread pavement of cones — it there initiates a new order of commotion, a new system of action. The tremor of the luminous impact is there transformed into molecular tumult within the substance of the nerves, which is then transmitted back along the delicate fibres of pulp until it finally reaches the brain. It is this transmutation in the character of the agency which goes far to explain the curious circumstance that the ends of the nerve threads in the retina — the recipient membrane for the impact of light — are *set backwards*, or away from the incidence of the luminous vibrations. The cones of the retina are, as it were,

thrust blindly against the substance of the investing coat of the eye, and not projected forward towards the light by which they are to be influenced. The luminous vibrations do not enter the cones, and then pass onwards through them into the nerve threads, but lodge themselves in the cones as the final goal of their vibratory progress, and are there absorbed or destroyed. Each cone is a laboratory for the conversion of a mere physical impression into a vital change. The impact of the luminous ray stirs up and starts in the interior of the cone an entirely new kind of force and new order of progression. The nerve influence, which passes from the eye to the brain, travels at the sluggish rate of two hundred feet in the second, whereas the ethereal vibrations of light pass in the same brief interval through nearly two hundred thousand miles. The German physiologist, Holmgren, and Professors Dewar and M'Kendrick have shown that this new influence, generated in the nerve by the agency of light, is accompanied by electrical development. Currents of electricity are produced whenever flashes of light are thrown upon the retinae of recently killed frogs. But the nerve influence is not merely a current of electricity, because this again travels with a speed which is measured by thousands of miles in a second, and not by hundreds of feet.

That the cerebral perception of a visual image is altogether a different affair from the mere stamping of a luminous impression upon a sensitive screen, is further proved by a series of considerations that can be in no way explained by merely physical agency. Thus there are two eyes employed in the optical part of the process of vision, and two pictures are assuredly made upon the nerve structures of those organs. But only one image is seen, unless when the consentaneous action of the two eyes has been abnormally deranged. There is an absolute and quite inseparable fusion of the two visual pictures into one mental impression or perception. This result, however, requires that each of the two images shall fall upon a duly correlated or corresponding part of the associated eyes. With squinting eyes this sympathetic correlation is deranged, and two images are seen. Then again, the images which are stamped upon the eyes are inverted, or upside down, as is manifest upon looking at them as they are formed within the eyes of a dead rabbit; yet the single image seen in the ordinary operation of sight is upright. The

projections of solid objects traced in the pair of eyes are not absolutely the same. But, in the single picture which is seen, there is no confusion or incongruity; the two unlike projections are blended into the perception of an object standing out in solid relief. The explanation of all this intrinsically is that the optical images impressed upon the eyes are simply signs, and that these signs are interpreted by an ulterior operation in the brain.

The eye is supereminently, amongst the organs of sense, the one which ministers to the intellectual operations. It deals almost exclusively with matters of experience and comparison. The distance of objects that are looked at is inferred from the muscular effort which is made in augmenting the curvature of the crystalline lens of the eye, and in converging the two eyes upon the point of concentrated attention. The idea of actual magnitude is derived from the comparison of these efforts of accommodation and convergence with the size of the impression upon the retina. The conception of a solid projection results from the consideration of the differences of aspect incident to varying points of view. These facts, and numerous other arguments of a like character, which exigency of space alone excludes from notice, all combine to demonstrate that vision is the work of prolonged and complicated experience and experiment which begins in the cradle, and only ends upon the margin of the grave. Helmholtz alludes very tellingly in his "Popular Lectures" to the circumstance that vision and speech are alike in the peculiarity that they both deal with arbitrary signs which have to be learned before they can be understood. He says:—

Learning how to speak is obviously a much more difficult task than acquiring a foreign language in after life. First, the child has to guess that the sounds it hears are intended to be signs at all; next, the meaning of each separate sound must be found out by the same kind of induction as the meaning of the sensations of sight or touch; and yet we see children by the end of their first year already understanding certain words and phrases, even if they are not yet able to repeat them. We may sometimes observe the same in dogs.

Now this connection between names and objects, which demonstrably must be *learned*, becomes just as firm and indestructible as that between sensations and the objects which produce them. We cannot help thinking of the usual signification of a word, even when it is used exceptionally in some other sense; we cannot help feeling the mental emotions which

a fictitious narrative calls forth, even when we know that it is not true; just in the same way as we cannot get rid of the normal signification of the sensations produced by any illusion of the senses, even when we know that they are not real.

There is one other point of comparison which is worth notice. The elementary signs of language are only twenty-six letters, and yet what wonderfully varied meanings can we express and communicate by their combination! Consider, in comparison with this, the enormous number of elementary signs with which the machinery of sight is provided. We may take the number of fibres in the optic nerves as two hundred and fifty thousand. Each of these is capable of innumerable different degrees of sensation of one, two, or three primary colors. It follows that it is possible to construct an immeasurably greater number of combinations here than with the few letters which build up our words. Nor must we forget the extremely rapid changes of which the images of sight are capable. No wonder, then, if our senses speak to us in language which can express far more delicate distinctions and richer varieties than can be conveyed in words.

The most recent, if not the most important, of the discoveries which science has made in reference to the structural arrangements of the eye is one which is not alluded to either by Professor Helmholtz or by Mr. Brudenell Carter, and which, in the first instance, seemed to indicate that the organ is, in reality, a photographic, as well as an optical, dark chamber. It has been long known that a peculiar coloring matter is deposited between the external protecting coat and the inner nerve membrane of the eye. The intermediate layer with which this coloring matter is structurally associated contains also the delicate blood-vessels which are provided for the nourishment of the highly vital nerve substance, and it has on this account been raised into the dignity of a special coat, called the choroid, or chorion-like,* tunic. The blood-vessels are distributed in this as minute radiating tufts which are intermeshed with each other, and between the interlacing vessels is laid down a flat pavement of hexagonal cells which are all densely packed inside with small opaque granules of a dark color. This lining of dark pavement like cells appears to answer the very important purpose of preventing the reflection and backward dispersion of light after it has struck upon the nerve coat of the eye. It is analogous to the

black stain of the inside of the photographer's camera. The rod-like terminations of the retinal nerves, which have been already alluded to, abut immediately upon these pigment cells, and are almost certainly connected with them by some intimate, although as yet not perfectly ascertained, relation. The German observer Boll, a few months since, observed that a very beautiful and quite distinctive purple color is produced in the eyes of frogs in the immediate vicinity of these dark pigment cells, and he further noticed that this purple color was invariably bleached and destroyed on exposure to strong light, and that it was also capable of being reproduced out of the pigment cell when the organ containing it was left for some time in darkness. The observations of Boll have since been amply confirmed by other experimenters, and the color thus produced out of the pigment granules in darkness has received by general consent the designation of "visual purple." The renewal of this delicate and evanescent tint can hardly be looked upon as a really vital act, because it occurs quite independently of any circulation of the blood. It can be destroyed and reproduced in the eye of a recently killed frog a considerable number of times by simply exposing the eye alternately to light and darkness. Another German experimenter, Kühne, has, however, ingeniously succeeded in fixing the image stamped luminously upon the retina of a dead eye by washing the membrane, after exposure to light, with a solution of alum potash. The idea not unnaturally occurred, after the discovery of this curious effect, that the production and destruction of this visual purple, and the reduction of its coloring principle by the influence of light, might have to do with the conversion of the optical impression into a conscious sensation—in other words, that vision may possibly be a photographic process. That such, however, is not the case, is manifest from another significant fact which further investigation has brought to light. Both the pigment cells and the visual purple are absent altogether from the central pit, which is assuredly the seat of the most acute visual sensibility, and Kühne's photographic pictures accordingly cannot be produced there. The retinal cones, which are essentially the instruments whereby optical impressions are converted into visual sensation, are utterly destitute of all trace of color. Kühne, indeed, seems to have already satisfied himself that

* The chorion is a well-known vascular membrane which bears a strong resemblance to the choroid coat of the eye.

frogs can see perfectly after all the visual purple in their eyes has been destroyed by long exposure to the action of light. It must therefore, for the present, be held that nothing conclusive is yet known as to the purpose for which this visual purple is formed, or as to the part it plays in the marvellous processes with which it is associated. The discoveries of Boll and Kühne are very curious, and well deserving of the further investigations which they will assuredly receive; but there is nothing in regard to them, so far as they have yet gone, which at all favors the assumption that a photographic "theory of vision" is the goal to which the progress of science tends.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
UNCLE Z.

"Well, then," I said at length, in despair, "if I cannot read a book, I will write one." — Preface to "Tales of a Traveller," by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.

I WAS educated at Oxford, and was supposed to have finished my academical career in the year 1825.

I was an only son; and my parents, though not very rich, were sufficiently so for their own wants and for mine. My father was a cultivated English gentleman, but my mother was a German. She had, however, lived so long in England, as to become identified with all our island habits and customs; and unless you had been told that she was born a foreigner, you could not have detected it from her accent. There was one point, however, on which she was very sensitive, and that was the rank of her family. She was descended from a noble house in Austria, and imagined — I dare say with justice — that she was allied to the stock of the illustrious Zähringens.

But in spite of all the traditions with which my boyhood was encircled, I must confess that I was brought up with very insular prejudices — was very shy amongst my schoolfellows about my German connection, and carefully evaded all possible reference to family matters. My sensitiveness on this point led to reserve; and, as often happens, this reserve was set down by my equals to pride rather than to shyness: but perhaps there was really a strong spice of both ingredients in my character. In any case I found myself,

at the conclusion of my terms at Oxford, with very few friends; and my real attachment to my parents was not weakened by any overweening friendships formed with those amongst whom I had been brought up.

My father had been a patient observer of the growth of all my peculiarities, and, being a shrewd judge of human nature, did not attempt too violently to oppose them. But he waited to accomplish his design until I should have taken my bachelor's degree. I had shown no bent for any particular profession in life. My circumstances were easy, and I was fond of reading, but after a somewhat desultory fashion; and after a few weeks spent in the country with my parents, the want of any definite pursuit brought with it the accustomed weariness of idle spirits — and I began to think much of myself, and to dream of imaginary ailments with which I thought myself threatened.

I have no doubt that at no other period of my life I was more disagreeable to other people, or a greater bore to my own self. And my father and mother sometimes held mysterious conclaves apart by themselves.

One day my father sent for me to his study, and informed me of the result of some of the deliberations which he and she had had together about my more immediate future.

He said that the time had now come when travel would be of great advantage to me — greater perhaps than at any other time of my life — and (though, of course, a long separation from me would cause them some anxiety and, he kindly added, some self-denial) still he thought it better that there should be no delay in my setting out on my journey. He wished me to see Florence and Rome, for the sake of giving me a knowledge of what was beautiful in art, and afterwards to visit Paris, where he had friends resident, who would give me introductions into the best French society; and this he thought would give me much knowledge of men, and of the world generally — in which he was pleased to say, rather to my annoyance, that I seemed to be deficient. And as he did not wish me merely to scamper over the Continent, but to make my tour a real finish to my education, he desired that it should not be a hurried one. Eighteen months, or two years even, ought to be spent in this kind of self-improvement, and he hoped, by help of the letters with which I should be supplied, I might soon find some acquaintances to take off the

sense of loneliness, which at first might be inevitable. At all events, all was new and fresh to me; and my stock of information, already not inconsiderable, would enable me to enter fully into the characteristics of all the different countries that I might visit, — and though lonely, I ought not to find it dull.

He said this, and a great deal more, in that cultivated and easy manner which made advice from him a thing to be courted and not dreaded. But at the end he added something else which, as will be seen, proved perhaps the most important part of all his scheme.

"But, Edward," he said, "I should not like you to visit either Italy or France without having first gone to see one of your nearest relations, of whom you have often heard your mother speak; though perhaps you may have gathered from her description of him that he is not exactly the kind of person who would be a very suitable companion for a young man like you — and perhaps this conjecture would not be far wrong. At the same time, I wish you not to form any prejudice against your uncle.

"Without doubt he is what is usually called an original person. And the solitary habits of his life — for I understand now he is a complete recluse — have very likely added some eccentricities to a manner which was always a peculiar, though, at the same time, a distinguished one. Remember this, for however humble his present retired life and occupations may be, even in the court of Austria he was considered a fine specimen of the *noblesse* of a haughty country. But since my own marriage, we have never met; only, as you know, he has always kept up a correspondence with your mother, to whom he is much attached, as indeed she is to him.

We gather, however, from his letters, that for at least the last fifteen years of his life he has rarely left an old family possession, somewhere near the sources of the Danube, where the castle was demolished long ago in the wars of the peasants, and where we suppose his only residence to be one of the better kind of farmhouses in that district. I cannot say that I was ever there myself, nor, indeed, that I have much desire to visit him, for I am the child of civilization: first, because I like the society of men of letters, and an easy access to London comforts; and secondly, because I have no longer any relish for a journey on the Continent. But we suppose his home to be in an inland and romantic country, not often in-

vaded by the traveller, but which would well repay you the rough sojourn of a few days. You will, however, see it, and report to us your impressions. And now one word more: Graf Berthold is still a member of the Roman Church. I need not caution you about your behavior towards him in this respect; you will of yourself remember not to use any disrespect to the forms of worship which obtain in that country, and which, very likely, you would find antagonistic to the religious customs in which you yourself have been trained. Recollect that we and they alike express our faith in the same creed; though you may be thankful for freedom from those errors which later ages have allowed to accumulate round it, from which you have been emancipated."

It was not often that my father spoke as much at length on any subject connected with my conduct, or gave so much systematic advice. I promised obedience to all his counsels, and expressed gratitude for his kind provisions for my future. I felt, indeed, that both my parents had been acting with great disregard of their own feelings in arranging for me this extended tour, and that my own sudden repugnance to this journey arose from no selfish motives, but from the pain inseparable to so long a separation from those who loved me thus unselfishly.

But it was no hasty decision on their part. It was best for me to go; and on both sides we struggled to suppress any outward display of our real feelings. And thus, a few days after, I left my comfortable English home with the many benedictions both of my father and my mother, with a well-filled purse, and with means for replenishing it when exhausted. A yellow post-chaise was at the door. The servants were gazing out of the hall window which looked on the approach. I shook hands with everybody within my reach, gave a parting kiss to my mother through the chaise door, saw the butler struggling to prevent my Newfoundland dog in a frantic attempt to follow the carriage, which already was in motion, and was soon on the turnpike road to London.

CHAPTER II.

MY father had sketched out the first part of my tour with much judgment and forethought — leaving a wide margin for my own discretion, and, as usual, showing a desire to influence rather than absolutely to guide my wandering. Nevertheless, whenever I deviated from the

original plan, I must own that I had no right to think that I had hit upon any improvement. At all events, I soon learned the wisdom of following the great bearings of the journey which he had traced.

Accordingly, upon landing at Calais, I secured the best place in the first diligence which went to Lille, and wondered how it was possible that, cumbersome as it was, relays of five strong horses could not drag it quicker over the paved highway, and that so much time should be consumed upon a route which on the map seemed to occupy so short a distance.

From Lille, I varied my mode of travelling by posting to Brussels. All was new to me; and though there was much that was monotonous in the general character of the scenery, yet the crossing of the frontier was a novel excitement, and I was much amused by the exercise of a new language, in which I was pleased to find that I could make myself readily understood, although it was some time before I followed easily the answers and remarks of those who were talking carelessly their everyday speech with what seemed to be a wonderful rapidity, and who, indeed, sometimes only made use of a regular *patois*. But, in fact, in those days the change from the shores of England to the Continent was much more marked than it is in these days. There really was more difference in dress, and in manner, and in habits of life, which the vast increase in the intercourse has brought into a much less interesting similarity. And the variety did at first much relieve that feeling of loneliness which sooner or later fastens itself on a single traveller, who finds himself suddenly cut off from all the habits and associations of his youth, and who has no friend except his note-book to whom he can impart the strangeness of his sensations, and no fellow-being who, by the interchange of mirthful thoughts, can turn the most provoking incidents of travel into a constant source of present and future amusements. But it was not until I found myself in the crowded streets of Brussels that I felt myself thoroughly alone. I began to be conscious that a certain reserve in my manner had made me unwilling to propose to share my undertaking with any of my acquaintances, even if I could not have secured the society of a more intimate companion. A sort of nostalgia was already creeping upon me; and I believe that the long letter which I composed on the occasion, and which I addressed to

my mother, was the most *sentimental* effusion of which I had ever been guilty.

I said, I remember, that I did not like Brussels; and that the air seemed to disagree with me; and that I should go on at once to Aix-la-Chapelle. And as nothing occurred to make me alter my resolution, I did so at once, travelling by night as well as by day; and, thanks to my good constitution and powers of sleep, finding myself, after a bath of the natural hot water of the city of Charlemagne, as fresh as, and perhaps fresher than, when I left Brussels.

The next morning, with some difficulty, I secured two letters of my parents from the post-office, and read my mother's first, and my father's afterwards. The first told me much about my dog, and his regrets at my departure, and other interesting details, which I found very agreeable to myself at the time, but which to the reader would seem intensely dull. And then I read my father's letter, which I should have suppressed for similar reasons, had it not contained some counsels which indirectly have an effect upon my story, and with which, in consequence, I must trouble those who chance to read it.

My father said that it had occurred to him that I should do well, as I was within tolerable distance, if I should pay a visit to Dusseldorf, for the sake of seeing its gallery. He enlarged upon the visit paid to it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, A.D. 1781, and reminded me of his commentary upon some of the more important works in the collection; his criticism on the famous assortment of Vanderwerf's, and on the still more famous works of Rubens. There was one picture, he said, which alone might reward me for my trouble—that of the angels falling from heaven—of which Sir Joshua had pronounced deliberately, that it was one of the greatest efforts of genius which the art had produced.

I really chiefly intended to please my father by following his advice; but I had also an honest desire to obtain a well-grounded knowledge of the different schools of painting; and after a sojourn of two days at Aix-la-Chapelle (for which, by the way, I was well repaid), I directed my wanderings towards Dusseldorf, and availed myself of the vehicles which in those days took the misnomers of *Schnell-posts*. A more miserable and stupid mode of travelling could not be conceived. I became more and more out of humor with myself and the rest of my species;

and one wet evening I found myself lumbering through the streets of the very useful capital of the Duchy of Berg, for which, however, I then conceived, and have since continued to entertain, a most irrational dislike.

But I said to myself, at all events there are the pictures. And after a long night's rest, and a heavy German breakfast, I hastened to the gallery to feast my eyes at leisure on its contents, and armed with an excellent note-book, to which I might refer in days to come for my first impressions.

I had no difficulty in finding the building itself, nor in obtaining access to its spacious corridors. But let the reader imagine my vexation and despair when I found that the pictures from which I was to learn so much, and to obtain a sight of which I had gone through so much discomfort, were simply not there.

How my father could have made so great a blunder I could not imagine at the time, though now I know well enough how easy it is to pass over the events of the last twenty years, and to find more reality in the life which preceded them. But so it was, as all the German world knew, and the town of Dusseldorf only too well, twenty years before, all the gems of the once famous collection had been purchased for Munich by Maximilian, king of Bavaria, though they were not arranged in their present really royal abode, the Pinakothek of King Lewis, until (I believe) the year 1836.

And the student of art will remember that I had not the consolations which now await the traveller (if there are still travellers to Dusseldorf), and recompense him in part for the loss of the works of the old masters. Cornelius had not yet founded his new school of German painting, which has no small merit of its own, though England has not yet produced another Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whose admirably expressed criticism she might as confidently intrust the taste of her educated classes.

Had I myself known as much about painting as my subsequent studies have enabled me to pick up, I might have solaced myself by getting access to the collection of drawings by the old masters which were not carried off by the Bavarian king. But in the haste of my annoyance, I quitted the gallery with a sort of indignation, and resolved to lose no time in leaving a city where I seemed to have been exposed to all the ignominy of a cruel hoax.

But everything seemed that day out of gear. I took, I suppose, a wrong turning, for I found myself in the narrow streets of the Altstadt, or older portion of the town, and was arrested in my progress by a shop of curiosities, which seldom fails to produce the same effect upon me, wherever I may be. As I finished a survey which ended in a wish to inquire the price of a Louis XVI. clock, of a quaint and particular character, I turned suddenly round, and simultaneously found myself encountered by a man who came out of the shop very hastily with a parcel under his arm. He was a man of essentially German characteristics. He had a restless blue eye, a face much overgrown with hair, was somewhat tall, and very meagre in body. This man, instantly snatching back his covered treasure, assumed all the appearance of a person who had been wantonly assailed, and began to pour forth a torrent of invective in a *patois* which I could not understand, or very imperfectly.

Whether, at the same moment, the unexpected shock aggravated my ill humor of the morning, or whether there was some natural antipathy in our two characters, which the circumstance of meeting so unpleasantly drew out at once, I cannot tell. But as our gaze became fixed on each other, I very foolishly gave way to the impulse of the moment. My countenance betrayed my anger, and if this had not, my attitude would have been sufficient witness to it.

I found myself raising my cane to strike him, speaking French, which came more naturally to my lips than German, and which seemed to chafe my opponent even more than my outward behavior. In a few moments I found myself the object of an unpleasant interest to a gathering crowd from the dregs of the population of Dusseldorf; and when I became conscious of this fact, I became aware also at the same time of another, namely, that my antagonist, who was hissing with rage, was ill and strangely dressed, and not at all like the rest of the people who clustered round him. The quarrel was ridiculous, and my position absurd. To add, moreover, to the awkwardness of it, two of the town police were appearing at the edge of the crowd. So I made an effort, and contrived to make my way into the shop which had contained the inanimate and the living curiosity, and the owner of the shop shut the door as I entered it. I immediately hastened to enlist the shopkeeper's sympathies, by making inquiries

about the clock in his window, which I thought it prudent to purchase for a trifling sum, and which really proved to be what is called a bargain. I was promised that it should be sent, *via* Rotterdam to an agent in London, whence it was to be transferred to my mother; and I beg to say that the promise was faithfully kept.

The salesman indeed was a good-natured as well as an honest fellow. He had been half amused and half vexed at the scene outside his house. He said the man who had been so angry was a clever man in his way, and a character. He did not belong at all to that country. He lived far away somewhere up the Rhine, many days' journey from Dusseldorf. But he came at intervals of two or three years, bringing with him ingenious specimens of clock-work, which he disposed of at the various towns on the Rhine, and generally travelling on one of the large timber rafts which were floated down the stream in the summer time. When he had got rid of his goods, which were made by himself and his friends, he contrived to journey back to his own country chiefly on foot. But as he sometimes sold a considerable amount of property, he caused remittances to be made by the bankers to Freiburg in the Breisgau, for he came from somewhere up that way. In consequence of these transactions, he was well known to persons in the trade. And his goods in general were cheap enough, though at Geneva, Paris, and London, they were sometimes retailed at far higher prices. His angry temper to-day was probably owing to the circumstance that I had perhaps narrowly escaped doing an injury to a very complicated piece of mechanism, a singing bird, which he, the shopkeeper, could not afford to buy, but which was really worth a great deal of money.

Meantime, as the crowd outside had dispersed, I prepared to make for my hotel. The shopkeeper, however, insisted on walking with me, as he said it would be unfair to allow a stranger to walk through that part of the town alone, for my appearance would cause me easily to be remembered, and might provoke some insult. Accordingly he did not leave me till I reached my destination. I thanked him much for his courtesy. He had given me some interesting information as to the manners and customs of the lower orders of the people with whom my lot would be often cast during the next few months; and as we shook hands (at

that time an unwonted cordiality on my part with an inferior), he advised me to avoid the Black Forest man, as he called him, in case he again crossed my path, for, he added significantly, that he was not one who easily forgot an offence, and that he had many friends.

Then we parted; and as quickly as possible I ordered post-horses and a carriage, and by the promise of an extra *Trinkgelt*, arrived at Cologne with very reasonable rapidity.

CHAPTER III.

UP THE RHINE.

"In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

"As I am a rhymor,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body and soul stinking town of Cologne."

It is well known that a few years later than the events to which my story refers, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth visited Cologne, and the former, to avenge himself on the dirt and smells of this famous city, left a lasting record of his disgust in two powerful stanzas. I could not have written the verses, but I could have borne record not only to their power, but to their truth, as far as the description of these evils are concerned. But I will not subscribe to that portion of them which says that in this town of Cologne,

Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known.

I remember how, for the first time, I learnt to appreciate the rush of the mighty stream itself, not then insulted by the present hideous railway bridge; and how, by frequent gazing, I learnt better to wonder at the vast proportions of the cathedral, the completion of which seemed at that time to have been abandoned in despair.

The conception of the old architect, six centuries before, seemed all too grand for the puny aim and feeble execution of a new and conceited age. Imperfectly as it could then be judged, it was evidently

intended to be the noblest building of the kind in the whole world.

And yet, as long as that picturesque crane on the top of the half-finished tower was, though unused, suffered to remain, one seemed allowed to cherish a vague expectation that so great a work of man would not always bear witness to the stingingness of modern religious systems, and the incapacity of what was called a civilized era, for any high conception of what was beautiful.

But St. Geryon and the cathedral were not the only objects of interest for me, as I threaded the maze of "crooked streets," over

Pavements fang'd with murderous stones.

I was arrested by the Romanesque work in several of the churches, which are really rich in specimens of architecture, such as the Church of the Holy Apostles, and that of Santa Maria in Capitolio — and perhaps I found even a still greater pleasure in tracing the fragments of old Roman work, which are found scattered here and there over the ancient colony of Agrippina.

And so I spent two or three days not unprofitably in this kind of sight-seeing, and in studying the habits and customs of the inhabitants themselves, — taking many small sketches, and now and then crossing the comparatively new bridge of boats,* and watching the effect of tower and pinnacle, quaint buildings and busy wharves, from the other side of the river.

But it was time for me to be thinking more of southern Germany; and gathering information from the more intelligent people with whom I came in contact, I resolved to take the public conveyance to Bonn, only a few hours' drive, and from thence to continue my journey on horseback as far as Mayence, sending on my luggage by the same coach which was to deposit me at Bonn. This accordingly was arranged, and I was content to be again stifled for a few hours in a German *Eilwagen*, in consideration of the prospect of a few days in the saddle, in fine weather, amidst new, picturesque, and indeed historic scenery. I was in high spirits then as I ensconced myself once more in the *Eilwagen*, but confess to an unpleasant sensation — a mixture of irritation and uncomfortable foreboding — when I saw my Dusseldorf enemy deliberately climb to the top of the huge fabric, with a dirty pipe in his mouth, and a green bag in his

right hand: and I almost think he must have seen me, for his countenance wore anything but a benign expression during the few instants when I caught a glimpse of it. I was provoked with myself for caring, one way or another, about so common a churl. What does it matter? I said to myself; and at all events I shall be free from him in a few hours, and we are not likely ever to meet again.

Now the reader must not be surprised at the accuracy of my memory. I kept a very minute journal whenever I was by myself. And even now, in my advanced years, that old journal book (to which I have already alluded), in which I dotted down so many of passing thoughts, so devoid of interest to any stranger, is full of interest to myself. Sometimes when I glance over the pages as I do now, I feel a sweet sadness, and sometimes a feeling of quick shame, at the memories stirred by the imperfect records. But there is always an interest in them for the writer. I become again the friend of my former self; and even at the time when I was a lonely traveller, I anticipated the pleasure I myself might derive from such manuscripts, about which it is more than doubtful whether anybody else will care as much.

With a grateful feeling of a sudden cessation from unrest, I left the cumbersome vehicle, and did not even pause to observe whether the man with bag and pipe descended from the roof likewise.

I hastened to a really very tolerable hotel; and before many hours were over I had succeeded in securing two serviceable-looking horses for myself and a guide. The guide was not wanted so much for the purpose of guidance as for the charge of the beasts and of the small leather bag which was strapped on the one which he rode; and also partly, I suppose, from the desire of company, and of some one with whom I could "air" my German, and of whom I could ask questions about the numerous places of interest which I expected to be continually passing on the road. I am bound to say that in all respects Johann answered my purpose; and when next day, at a very early hour, he brought the horses round to the hotel, I felt for the first time that feeling of adventure which is necessary to make a good traveller. After all, to me at that moment everything was delightfully fresh and strange. Every turn of the road or of the river brought with it the unexpected.

I was in excellent health. I was a good

* Built in 1822.

horseman, and I was full, only too full, of confidence in myself. I lived altogether too much for myself: but at the same time I think I may plead here the disadvantages of my peculiar position as an only son, whose future was all provided for, and whose affections were centred in a father and mother whose will I had never questioned, and whose wishes I was even then most exactly fulfilling.

So forth I rode, like knight of old, with Johann by my side; and as I look back I cannot but congratulate myself that I took this journey in that particular year, and did not defer it to some few years, perhaps the very next year afterwards. I sometimes fancy that I was one of the last real travellers by the Rhine. Little can the modern tourist understand of the peculiar interest of the noble river as I saw it then, as I now look back upon it with delight.

Those crowded steamers, with their hideous funnels of black smoke, how they jar upon every feature of the castles and the stream! Those harsh grating lines of iron binding in on either side the rushing waters, and over which the hissing, shrieking engine speeds with such ruthless haste! Have not they, and similar parallels, made European travel, for the most part, the mere restless desire to get from one distant point of the earth to another in the least possible space of time? And in this particular instance of the Rhine, what have they left of the many charms which gave zest to my less luxurious but very happy pilgrimage, of which the remembrance is still a joy? The road was excellent, and generally pleasantly shaded by well-grown orchard trees, and especially by the umbrageous walnut; for up to the base of the steep hills on which the vine is so hardly cultivated for want of soil, the ground is for the most part extremely fertile. The scenery too was much varied — much more so than you might have imagined, from knowing only the views from the steamboat. Sometimes the road wound above, and sometimes seemed to descend to the very level of, the river; and at each turn of it we hailed some new feature in the distance, — some castle, or some little ancient town with a something left about it, which brought home to me, as if still present, the centuries which have long passed by; some precious morsel of an old fortification, now draped with festoons of green vine, now picked out with a wealth of bright flowers; then always, with every group of buildings, the church, whether

large or small, generally with its Romanesque architectural character, around which all the rest seemed to gather, and from which every village seemed to take its distinctive peculiarity.

I was also much interested in those floating villages — the rafts — which were larger in size than they are at present, containing sometimes five hundred persons, which came twisting round the corners of the stream, and which required no small skill to guide, and which seemed to have an organization as to their crews, as well as an ingenuity in their construction, quite characteristic of the great river of the Fatherland. If I had not been travelling up stream — a course contrary to the very nature of a *Floss* — I should have been tempted to have taken a voyage on them.

But such reminiscences do not affect my story; though I am glad to vindicate a noble river from the somewhat contemptuous descriptions bestowed upon it by modern Cockneys, who have themselves helped to vulgarize some of its most pleasing traits. As I felt then that I was in no hurry to leave its banks, or to hasten to the end of my journey; so now, my memory, as I write, seems to be refreshed by many a half-forgotten incident, and to desire to linger even somewhat more over those dreams of a past intercourse with its pleasant scenes.

But there is perhaps one little occurrence which I might mention, as it bears some connection with what is to follow. Some fifteen miles from Coblenz, the Rhine takes one of its most delightful turns at the small town of Boppard. Boppard boasts of a very remarkable church, built at the very beginning of the thirteenth century. Among many features in this church calculated to attract the notice both of the architect and the tourist, is the gallery which unites its two spires. I dismounted for some time, and studied the whole building as well as I could, though I did not ascend to its higher portions. Before I resumed my journey, I thought I would commit to my note-book a rough sketch to remind me of the unusual bridge in the air, to which I have alluded, when I saw leaning over the gallery a man's form in an unusual dress, both of which I at once recognized as belonging to my antagonist at Dusseldorf. Annoyed, I knew not why, and vexed with myself for being annoyed, I left my sketch incomplete, and rode off somewhat hastily.

Johann seemed to detect the cause of

my petulance; and his next observation was: "Well, I saw him too."

"Whom do you mean?" I said, and Johann answered,—

"Why, that clockmaker in the gallery."

"Do you know him, then?"

"Yes, by sight, as many of us do. We none of us much like to see him; he is very clever, but he is"—here he paused.

"Well, what?" I interrupted, rather impatiently; and Johann said, "Well, he is outlandish," and shrugged his shoulder. I did not quite know what he meant, but I discovered, with a sort of satisfaction, that I was not the only person who disliked Ulric the watchmaker.

CHAPTER IV.

FREIBURG.

My long ride was over. I had found at Mayence three letters of great interest for me,—one from my father, approving of my travels generally, but somewhat surprised by my allusions to the little confusion at Dusseldorf; the second from my mother, warning me against summer chills, and with details about my dog and horse, which would now prove as tedious to the reader as then they were a refreshment to my thoughts; and the third letter was of a very different character altogether: it was written on very thin paper, it was folded up differently from any other letter I had ever had before, and it bore a most unwonted superscription:—

"The High and Well-born Sir, much honored, etc., etc., travelling in Germany, and seeking letters at the Post-Office, Mainz."

I at once guessed that it came from my uncle, and so it proved; and he wrote somewhat after this fashion:—

"For the better assurance of my respectful affection for the son of the best of sisters, and of an highly honored sire, I beg, my dear nephew, to salute thee first by letter, though before long I hope to impress a kiss upon thy cheek. I also seek to explain the method of reaching my dwelling, the not-often-resorted-to abode by strangers. Thou wilt proceed by the ordinary stages to Mannheim. Thou wilt pause to admire the beauty of Heidelberg, and its full-of-interest ruin. But after that do not pause too much, for thou art strong, and canst bear to travel quickly, and much is to be gathered into the mind through the eye alone, even

from the common conveyance through a new country. But be prudent in thy diet, for a new diet may try even an old stager; and especially do not drink freely—if possible, not at all—of common wines. After all, does not the old Greek say as wisely as beautifully, 'Water is the best thing'? At all events, push on briskly to Freiburg, the beautiful home of thy maternal ancestry: there shall two of my servants meet thee, and be thy guide to my Forest Home. Much do I yearn to see thy mother's son. May God shield him from all harm, but, above all, make and keep him wise. And does not the wisdom of the young grow best by travels? What says the Son of Sirach in thy English Bible? 'When I travelled I saw many things, and saw more than I am able to express.' Far truer this translation than the version of that Luther, far nearer both to the Septuagint and to the orthodox Bible. I confess that I study much the Scriptures. Dost thou study them? Without them thou canst not be learned; and the English translation is confessedly a great work. For a while, then, farewell. Thy much-loving uncle,
"Z."

The contents of this unusual letter astonished me, I believe, even more than the outside endorsement. I knew nothing of my relative, except that which I had been told of him by my mother, and she had invested his character with a sort of reverential mystery, which, when I was a child, seemed to represent him as a being quite apart from and quite unlike other men. As I thought of the old heroes of Israel, so I had framed his picture in my mind. I had a sort of awe of him, mingled in old days with a great deal of curiosity. But I should as soon have thought of having a love for him, as of having an affectionate regard for the Grand Lama.

And yet now, as I look at his first letter to me—for I have still preserved it as a relic—the sight of the elaborate penmanship on the paper yellow with age brings moisture to my eyes. What a kindly heart! What a liberal hand! What a high-born culture of mind, which seemed to take a shape even in his very gestures! But, above all, what a good and holy man! Singular as a recluse, but learned as a Benedictine monk! O uncle Z.! I have never seen thine equal in the worldly world, with which I have been mixed up since.

One portion of his letter put me to some confusion of thought—I did not

recognize his quotation. As a child I had carefully read through the Bible with my mother — mothers in those days, I think, were more personally sedulous in the religious education of their children than they are at present — and whatever had been my faults, I had kept up my acquaintance with the contents of the holy book. Yet I could not recall the particular passage. I had my own Bible — the precious gift of my mother — carefully stowed away in my portmanteau, and from time to time I really searched for the passage cited, but I could not find it. Some years afterwards, looking into an old copy of the Scriptures which I saw on the shelves of a well-filled library at home, I found the verse in Ecclesiasticus, and felt a feeling of shame at my ignorance of the whole book of the “wise son of Sirach,” so wantonly omitted from many modern editions of the Bible. And thus far I trust that I have atoned for my shortcomings, that I may now say that I am familiar with the whole, and never have since purchased a Bible for hall or cottage without first ascertaining that it contains the books which are so invaluable for example of life and instruction of manners, and which, at least, form the beautiful border land of the inspired writings. May the reader forgive the digression.

And so it was, in bright, sunny weather, as I can well remember, that I found myself pursuing the route which my as yet unknown uncle had marked out for me. Sometimes in one sort of conveyance, sometimes in another; for I was young and strong, and hardly observed the difference of one from the other, except by this, that the variety was pleasing to me. Then at last I entered the territory of the duchy of Baden, and, almost unawares to myself, was skirting the borders of the Black Forest. But very little did it there deserve its name.

I was myself on a long rich tract of land betwixt a high range of hills and the Rhine. These hills were in reality much higher than I should have supposed them to be. In fact, they were often mountains, though they appeared like hills. But the plain itself, somewhat monotonous from its uniformity, varied from four or five to some twenty miles in breadth, though the eye hardly detected any diminution or increase of the extent on the right hand. All was fertile, all was cultivated. Hemp, potatoes, flax, fruit trees, vegetables, besides the usual crops of grain, succeeded one another in unfailling variety. In vain, century after century,

had man's folly and wickedness laid waste this garden of Europe. Generations perished, but the earth only gathered fresh riches from the decay of former ages, and, always grateful to the hand of industry, hastened to repay the renewed toil of each succeeding race. As I journeyed onward, I began to take more interest in the forest scenery, which formed the continual boundary of the landscape on the left. I began to wonder where I should be permitted to thread the tempting openings of the valleys which from time to time seemed to expand as if to give vent to streams, which rushed down them and gave fertility to the plain I traversed, before they themselves were swallowed up by the mighty river from the distant and giant Alps. So, I can now reflect, it is pleasant, after the wild cheerfulness of youth, to be able to do some works of distinct usefulness to our fellow-creatures, before our brief courses of time are swallowed in the onward sweep of the eternal ages. But let me be as impatient as I choose, Freiburg was my inevitable destination, and the valley of the Dreisam was the first inlet of which I could avail myself. Certainly it was no small satisfaction to me when I drew near to it. If, in these days, it is a gratification to step out of an express train near the same spot after a whole day's journey in it at an average speed of thirty miles an hour, let the reader imagine what it must have been to have alighted after days and perhaps nights of the same journey over a roughly paved road at an average speed of five or six.

In my case, the last conveyance set me down at an old-fashioned inn called the Angel, which I found to be a good specimen of its class, and which, facing down a narrow street which crossed the one in which the Angel was situate at right angles, gave me my first view of the finest piece of Gothic architecture I had ever seen: indeed, after all my superadded acquaintance with architectural buildings, and my increase of knowledge on such subjects, I do not think I have seen that structure surpassed. The spire of the cathedral rose at the end of the vista three hundred and eighty-five feet from the ground. I stood for some minutes wrapt in my admiration of it, and turned round to the old inn behind me. The landlord was bowing down before me with almost obsequious courtesy, and behind him stood three other men, who seemed equally pleased at my arrival.

If the unexpected view of the spire had

taken me by surprise, I found this reception equally a matter of astonishment. The conduct of my landlord harmonized with his appearance and with his business. But these three others were in keeping with nothing that I had seen before, or was expecting then. Their very dress was most peculiar, for they wore long, dark-brown coats reaching below the knees, fringed and lined with red; the waistcoats and the breeches were of the same color, but the former had double rows of bright yellow buttons, neck handkerchiefs of bright gay colors intermingled, and dark soft-felt hats, with bands of red, completed their costume;* and yet they had no air of being liveried servants. One of them, however, came forward; and though I understood his speech—which was exceedingly harsh and unmusical—very imperfectly, I gathered from it that they had arrived the day before from the hill country where my uncle dwelt, that two of them indeed were his dependents, and that the other had charge of the horses which we were to ride through the forest—not that we were to start immediately, as the count (so they called him) had said that his nephew would wish to see first the city of his forefathers, and the world-famous church which their great ancestor had built.

My wonder increased the more I studied their appearance, and the better I began to comprehend what they said. Was I really travelling in modern Europe? Was I dreaming? or was I becoming the hero of a romance? A certain sense of the ludicrous side of my position here overtook me, and I very nearly burst out laughing. But I restrained myself, and yet kept silence. The second man in costume then said that perhaps I did not understand their German, and yet the count had said that he thought I should be able to do so. For their own part, they did not understand French. Upon this the landlord then attempted to give a translation of their speech. But his accent seemed so grotesque, and his idiom so very German, that again my gravity nearly forsook me. The situation, however, was becoming embarrassing as well as comical, so I rallied my powers, and collecting all the German that I possessed, made an answer to the effect that

I was much gratified by this proof of my uncle's affection for me, and that I should certainly follow his injunctions; and that after I had inspected this ancient home of my forefathers, I should be ready to follow their kind guidance to the modern abode of their much esteemed descendant. These few words were received with much attention and apparent approbation. And after that it was arranged that first of all I should be refreshed by my host with some necessary food, to be specially prepared for me, as it was now 2 P.M., and the mid-day meal (happily for me) was well over; then that I should devote myself to sight-seeing as long as the summer light lasted, and that, as early as they pleased the next day, I should accompany them on the proposed journey. After the repast one of my new retinue (for such they seemed to be, and I may as well confess at once that such an addition to my importance was not very wholesome for one who had already such very high notions of my own importance in the social scale, but there they were), one of them again stepped forward and said that the count was anxious that I should not fail to see the monument erected by the town of Freiburg to the memory of my ancestors, and so I gladly followed his leading, through deliciously watered streets to a modern fountain,* erected really to the honor of the late Duke of Baden, but which recorded at the same time Berthold III. of the Zähringens, the real founder of the city in 1120, and his brother Conrad, who is said to have founded the cathedral three years later. It was a long while ago, certainly, and to share such ancestors with a Duke of Baden seemed to cover me with a reflection of their glory. Though I might have felt humbled by the parallel thought, which nevertheless does in fact occur to few—viz., how very little I had done myself, or was ever likely to do, in imitation of their noble actions, to prove my kinsmanship with the illustrious dead. But no: on the contrary, all that happened to me at this time only added to my love of myself, and to my well-satisfied estimate of my own position and conduct. I at once asked to be shown the way to that beautiful monument of the piety of Conrad of the Zähringens, which, in the completeness of its work, still continued to carry off the palm of beauty from all similar structures in Germany.

* The dress, as I learnt afterwards, was really a national costume peculiar to a certain district of the forest, and not wholly fallen into desuetude at the present day.

* Erected 1807.

I found indeed but little to disappoint me; and rich and warm were the tints of red and grey with which the hands of the great building painter, Time, had embellished the noble and chaste details of the holy pile; and the general proportions of the whole fabric were not frittered away by any extravagance of ornament.

I shall, however, for the details, refer the reader to some book on architecture. Nevertheless, let him, if he can, visit the building itself, which has, I am told, since my day been carefully restored, and he will find it best to say but little, where it is not difficult to say too much.

At length I found myself again standing in the porch and examining the charming entrance. On either side there are sculptures; and I was looking on those at the left-hand side, and endeavoring to discover their meaning, when I heard a harsh voice behind me, saying, "*Fünfe unter ihnen waren thöricht*," in English "Five of them were foolish," and then, of course, I at once recognized the treatment of the parable; and often afterwards, on reflection, I have thought how appropriate such a subject was to be the last consideration before entrance into a house of prayer. The propriety of it did really flash across my mind even then; but all further good thoughts or prolonged meditation were quickly arrested, as I turned round, and discerned in the speaker the object of my newly formed antipathy.

I started back as if I had seen a snake in the porch, and I suspect my features betrayed the scornful dislike which I really entertained in my heart. I went back straight to the Angel; but as I walked down the narrow street I heard a man whistling, and as I remember, whistling very well, Körner's "*Song of the Sword*;" but I did not condescend to turn round, though I felt persuaded that it was intended to be a fresh insult from my Dusseldorf enemy.

I amused myself in the evening with preparations for my journey on the morrow, and found ready aid from one of my companions, Fritz, who seemed more especially devoted to my personal service. I was pleased to find that my uncle had sent his own horse for me for the forest ride, and that though a somewhat old campaigner, it was a very serviceable animal. Fritz also joined my evening stroll round the outskirts of the town. But I retired early to my bed, for we had agreed to start soon after sunrise on the morrow, and I was very glad of repose.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE FOREST.

WE presented a very respectable cavalcade on that early start the next morning. I fancy I can see it now before my eyes as we left the narrow street in which the Angel was situated. I bestrode Count L.'s horse, which, though ill-groomed, as it seemed to my English fastidiousness, proved, as I expected, an excellent roadster. The horse which the first attendant bestrode seemed also useful, but was less respectable in appearance. A sensible-looking mule was laden with our luggage, and was accompanied by one man on foot, and followed by another mule which was ridden by a youth, who from time to time had to relieve guard at the side of the sumpter mule, whilst the older man, who really served as the guide of the expedition, rested by bestriding the other beast, which always much resented the exchange. So we were a party of four.

The weather seemed to promise a delightful day, and indeed at that hour of the fresh morning was really delicious. Nevertheless my landlord, I remember, though he did not contradict my praise of it, gave a somewhat ominous shrug with his shoulder, and repeated a country rhyme to the effect that not always a fine dawning can be trusted to proclaim a cloudless eve, and then we went gaily on through the town, passed under the old gateway covered with ambitious frescoes, and soon found ourselves following pretty steadily the course of the Dreisam, and making our way through the broad valley which it enriches and refreshes. The pine-clad hills bounded the view on all sides, but at the first at a respectable distance.

When the novelty of the scene began to wear away, I had time to reflect that our journey could not be very rapid, though the guide seemed possessed of the seven-leagued boots of the fairy story, and the mule kept good pace with his strides; still our progress must be limited by his powers, and I knew that the day's march would be a fatiguing one. I beckoned, therefore, to my fellow horseman to ride alongside of me, and asked if it was necessary to sleep on the road.

He laughed, and said, "Surely we could not hope to reach Freiburg until late on the following afternoon."

"And my uncle's house. Does he keep a large establishment?"

"Count Z.'s house is not large; but it

is large enough, for he does not keep many servants."

"Are there any gentry living in the neighborhood with whom he can associate?"

"There are none who approach his position; but if there were, I think he would seldom see them."

"Why so?"

"Because I think he likes to be alone."

"But he goes out, — he occupies himself every day?"

"Yes, every day he goes out."

"Does he shoot game? Has he any rights of shooting?"

"He used to shoot the food for his own table. He had a special license from the grand duke, who, they say, knew him well in earlier life. But of late years he goes to the chase more rarely; indeed, now, he very seldom carries his gun."

"What, then, is his chief occupation?"

"Oh, he reads — reads, they say, wonderfully; and he plays the organ, I know, divinely. I have often listened without and heard him."

"But when he leaves his house, has he no object for his walks and drives?"

"He visits the sick; he gives them medicines; he takes them food; he encourages them; he will travel miles to give comfort to the distressed. Yes; there is none like him in the forest. All hail his approach; all reverence his wishes; and all love him."

"And are not at all afraid of him?" I rejoined; for I began to feel a mysterious awe at becoming the guest of such a relative.

The man replied in a somewhat hushed voice, "Yes, they are afraid of him;" but added, evidently desirous of avoiding further cross-examination, "I hardly like the look of yonder cloud over that gap in the hills." The weather had in fact become exceedingly sultry, and there was a great heaviness in the atmosphere.

"We should do wisely," I cried, "to get on a little faster. I shall be glad to leave this hot valley. Long before this I had expected to have reached the mountains."

"You will not have long to wait," he answered. "You see that tower not a quarter of a mile off; there we turn to the right, and presently the gorge through which we ascend will reveal itself. But if you, sir, like to press on a little, I will go back and tell them to hurry on the mule."

Accordingly he turned his horse's head in an opposite direction, whilst I urged

mine in the direction of the tower. After reaching it, I duly turned to the right, and at once perceived a change in the scene. I had gained some elevation over the valley, of which I now obtained a striking view; and the foreground had become suddenly more rich and varied, and abounded in orchards. The natives, I learnt, called this tract *Himmelreich* (Heaven's kingdom), from the contrast which it affords to the neighboring gorge, which obtains, undeservedly enough, a much darker name. Presently I saw the outlet of the narrow valley through which I was to enter upon the mountainous part of my journey.

The arm of the river Dreisam, if indeed it was not the main stream, here assumed more and more of the wild nature of the torrent, and was struggling among rocks covered with forest trees: such scenery was altogether new to me. I enjoyed it all the more for the absence of my companions; but I was really less alone than I thought I was. I discovered this by following a little way a tempting, well-trodden path, which deviated from the high road, and which brought me quickly to a sight for which I was not at all prepared.

Just a little shrouded from the gaze of the curious passers-by was a rock which rose out of a small level space in front of it, and which had a dark background of pines. Upon this rock was a crucifix, with the Christ somewhat rudely carved, somewhat roughly colored, but which had a solemn and devotional character, which somehow or other harmonized fitly with its surroundings.

At the foot of the cross a traveller had laid down a well-worn knapsack, and was kneeling in prayer. I was moved by the earnestness of his manner, whilst at the same time I was struck by the perfect arrangement of the unexpected scene. I stayed my horse's footsteps for fear of disturbing the suppliant, and, as one who feels himself an intruder, turned the bridle towards the road which I had left. A chastened and reverent feeling seemed to steal over me, but unhappily it was very transient, for before I could regain the highway, near as it was, another little footpath became apparent among the trees, and issuing out of the shade appeared a figure which I had already learnt to recognize but too easily, and again Ulric the watchmaker literally crossed my path, with quick step, and a low, accurate, but to me disagreeable whistle. My religious feeling was soon gone, and

was succeeded by a very different one. There seemed a fate connected with him. Already he seemed to exercise that sort of pernicious influence over me, such as I had read was thought to be exercised over the Italian mind by the evil eye. I could not certainly suppose that he had done much injury to my body. But was it not strange?—was it not passing strange?—that, short as had been my term of residence on the Continent, this one man should have appeared suddenly before me so often, and always with a bad effect; and yonder he trudges with a light step up the very entrance of the ravine which we too are to ascend. If he is going in the same direction, we shall pass him again and again, and it will be a continual annoyance. I must make further inquiries about him.

Thus musing and muttering to myself, I pulled up my horse, for the rest of the party were already close upon me; and all together we soon halted at a roadside inn, which, rude enough, had a charming situation near the waters of the stream, refreshing both to the eye and ear, where our animals obtained the nourishment to which they were accustomed, and where I added to the food provided for myself and my comrades some excellent, but not very cheap, draughts of a Bavarian beer.

It was not a very long bait, and was perhaps made all the shorter owing to an ominous growl of distant thunder which warned us that we were not safe from a storm. The weather was more sultry now we were fairly in the closed valley, which narrowed as we went on, and which presently led us to one of the most beautiful spots in the fair country of the grand duke.

Greater heights and grander precipices may be seen elsewhere; but nowhere have I seen a more agreeable combination of rock and vegetation. I wondered how the hard stone could support such a variety of tree life so closely brought together. Oak and ash, birch and hazel, and many other deciduous trees, seemed here to keep back the pine which flourished in the distance; and the waters of the river, evidently now held in very moderate compass, dashed by, and kept alive a delicious carpet of verdure, shaded by ferns and wild-flowers of all descriptions. Summer suns seemed to have no power to dry up, but only to bring to ripeness and beauty, this charming garden of the Black Forest; for we may be considered to have fairly entered it when we thread

the gully which at its narrowest part bears the name of the "Stag's Leap." It owes its name to a tradition that a stag, hotly pursued by hunters, as a last effort actually cleared the space which divided an isolated rock from the corresponding eminence on the other side of the road. Perhaps part of that rock may in course of time have become separated from the main bulk, but certainly the leap seemed to me so prodigious as to be almost beyond the bounds of credulity.

I amuse myself, from my notes and sketches, at looking back on such scenes with the eyes of meditation; and though they may seem to bear but little on my story, all such touches recalled to memory seem to make its tale more entirely my own.

As we left the scene of the performance of this wonderful stag, the road clung to the torrent's course with something approaching to a level; but its gradual rise was soon perceptible, and by degrees we left the chafing waters below us, and gradually began what I consider to have been my first mountain climb. Soon, at a little distance in front, I descried, as I had anticipated, the form of the watchmaker, wending his way onward with even and unwearied step, which was, in fact, a more rapid one than that of our little group, so that, allowing for the haltings of our man on foot, we seemed to observe a tolerably equal interval of space from one another. But there he was, frequently in view, and as frequently attracting my particular attention from the pleasant scene around me. At length, when the man Fritz, with whom I had my former conversation about my uncle, was pretty well alongside of me, I gave further vent to my curiosity.

"Fritz," I said, "that man in front seems bent on the same track as we are; do you happen to know who he is?"

"Ja, mein Herr," was the first, and I must say the usual, laconic reply.

"Does he live at all near my uncle's residence?"

"Yes; surely not far. He comes from the common which is over the village of Nutbrook."

"I saw him before," I said, "on the other side of the Rhine, and I was told that he was a watchmaker."

"Yes; he is Ulric, the watchmaker."

"Is he well known?"

"Yes; he is very clever at his trade."

"And at other things?"

"Yes; and in other ways likewise," replied Fritz.

"Are there many watchmakers at Freiburg?" I asked.

My companion laughed merrily, and said yes so many times and so quickly, that his favorite monosyllable seemed spun out into a regular sentence.

"We are all clockmakers there," was the answer.

"All clockmakers!" I exclaimed. "What an extraordinary place! and what a strange occupation for the inhabitants of a forest! I never heard before that Freiburg was so celebrated for a useful art; but then, had it not been for my uncle, I never perhaps should have heard of it at all. What sale can they have for their clocks?"

"Ah!" said Fritz, "Geneva and other places get the credit. But if ever we could have proper roads, so as to make our forest towns and villages accessible to the rest of Europe, perhaps we should do business for our own advantage, rather than for the purses of the Swiss."

Fritz was an intelligent fellow. So I thought I would try him further.

"Why do you complain of your roads?" I said. "This one, surely, if not like our best English roads, is well engineered, though somewhat roughly kept."

"But then," he answered, "this road has a story attached to it, and a sad story, I think, for this was the road which was made by the Austrians, when they brought the fair Marie Antoinette to queen it in the most brilliant court of Europe, but which proved rather the shambles, where all the beautiful and noble in France were murdered pitilessly."

"Yes; we have read — we have heard of it. I never tread the way without thinking of the lovely young lady, and of the bloody tragedy."

I remember my passing thoughts were, should I, if I travelled in England, meet with many of my countrymen of the same class who not only would know so much of modern history, but would enter into it so feelingly. But in those days there were many living who had been eyewitnesses of the scenes to which he alluded; though great events followed so rapidly afterwards, that the space which separated us from them seemed greater than it really was.

At this moment, at the end of the still ascending road, clear against the skyline, and through a sort of avenue of pine, I again detected the singular form of Ulric, looking taller than his wont, as figures so seen generally do.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVI. 1851

"But that man yonder," I said, "does he know my uncle?"

"He often sees him — often is sent for by him."

"Indeed! and my uncle likes him?"

"We suppose so."

"And why?"

Fritz answered with a somewhat shrewd observation, "People like those whom they benefit."

"And my uncle is his benefactor!"

"Oh! for that, Count Z. is a benefactor to all; but Ulric is much devoted to him: and they say, when he began his trade the count did him much good."

"But Count Z. cannot always be wanting to have his clocks repaired," I rejoined with petulance; for I felt piqued that such a fellow as Ulric appeared to be should in any sense be connected with my uncle's household. "Why should he be often at his house?"

"He goes also to the Tower for other reasons; for example, he understands the organ, he can tune it — nay, sometimes the count likes to hear him play."

"Is the count so very musical then?"

I said, never having heard of any special musical gift in the family, and feeling that I myself knew nothing about music; though I really was able to distinguish good playing from bad playing — little as I had heard hitherto except my mother's delicate performance on a piano, which my father, I had always perceived, tolerated rather than enjoyed.

"The count is the best musician of our neighborhood," returned my companion, somewhat fiercely. "When he plays the organ of an evening, many draw as near to the Tower as they can, and listen even when the snow is on the ground. It is like a charm."

"Why do you speak of Count Z.'s house as a tower? Surely he does not live in a tower?" I felt after our bright English home, that such a residence might prove rather a gloomy one.

"There is a new house attached to the old Tower, but it is not very like other houses. You, sir, must see it for yourself."

And then again, suddenly — as if for a second time he hardly liked my cross-examination — he stopped our conversation by saying that he must go back and urge the youngster who had charge of the luggage not to linger, as we should hardly reach the top of the pass before the storm; and another growl from the dark thunder-cloud seemed to justify his precaution.

Again I was left alone. I have heard that the road by which modern travellers ascend this pass is very different from that by which I then mounted it. In one characteristic of the Black Forest I know that its appearance must have changed considerably, for at that time the real forest scenery was much more universally spread over the mountains than it is in these days, when every year adds to the extent of the clearings, and diminishes the number of the pines. I was then fairly in the forest, and sometimes the view was much confined. But gradually we had advanced to an unusual height for me, who had never scaled to the top of a Malvern hill, and I was more and more interested in the novelty of the whole scene. The weather was, as I have said, exceedingly close, and so I did not feel all the invigorating effect of the rarefied atmosphere; but I was conscious of a very great difference in the temperature during the last hour. I looked down glades which I fancied of a prodigious depth. I heard the far-off roaring of falling water with surprising clearness, for all nature seemed hushed as before a coming storm. I became also fully sensible for the first time of the aromatic scent of the pine — a delicious odor, which was on that day and afterwards one of my principal enjoyments of the residence amongst the trees. And that afternoon, I remember, it was particularly delightful.

Suddenly I found that I had no higher ground to ascend. Turning round a huge lump of moss-covered rock, a new valley burst upon my view. On the right, a long narrow lake, dark and still under the summer cloud, seemed a few hundred feet below me. On the other side of it the precipices were so steep, that one wondered how those stately pines found room to grow — as they evidently did, and majestically — up to the top of a much higher acclivity than that on which I was placed. Straight before me was a long road winding hither and thither, and gradually losing itself in a ravine exactly opposite, following the course of a bold little river, which I fancied must issue from the lake, and of which the waters sooner or later, I justly supposed, found their way into the great Danube, for I was travelling in a direction decidedly eastward.

If the mountains had been more varied in size and shape, the scene would have been perfect. On the immediate left, about two hundred feet below us, appeared a few cottages, one of which, far larger than the rest, was apparently our

halting-place for the night. I confess, rude and rough as it probably was, I rejoiced to think it was so near. Already some heavy drops had begun to fall, and I urged my horse on to avoid a wetting.

I was just in time myself. Though my rear-guard came up after me, mule and all, with accelerated speed, all looked damp and dragged when they reached their goal; and our landlord was already busied in thrusting fresh pine logs on the stove fire. And I, having given a glance at the stabling of my horse, was delighting in an entirely new phase of life and manners. Indeed it will deserve some special consideration.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LYRICAL POETRY OF MODERN GREECE.

MANY writers of eminence in classic literature, have of late years so ably advocated the advantages to be derived from studying the modern language of Greece conjointly with the old forms, that little more can be advanced upon that subject. The beauty and euphony of the language as it is now spoken, may be sufficient eventually to commend it for acceptance as the best guide to the true pronunciation of the ancient language — for which indeed there really exists no other guide; but that result cannot readily be obtained without a warm appreciation of the revival, and belief in the existence of a growing literature. The chief obstacle is the difficulty of persuading the public that there will ever be, much more than there is, any literature in new Hellas which will render its study a grateful one.

It is almost universally believed, except by an enthusiastic minority, that to entertain the idea that there can ever possibly be a resuscitation of Greek literature, especially of poetry, is utterly chimerical; nor is this merely the opinion of the world at large, from whom an adverse judgment on such a point might naturally be expected, but it is one which has been openly enunciated by a Greek man of letters, a member of the Academy of Athens, who has confidently asserted that it is quite vain to hope that a great poet will ever arise in new Hellas.

To minds bound up in an exclusive admiration of a literature so sublime as that of old Greece, the bare suggestion of such a possible revival seems an absurd conceit, since in their estimation the past glories of a noble race are sufficient

to crush out every attempt, of whatever kind, in those who dare to claim from it a descent and a heritage. They would say, "It is hopeless to expect green boughs and ripening fruit from a withered trunk, which, although in former ages it might have reared its amply spreading branches into space, is now completely dry and lifeless. How can one recognize any kinship in saplings springing up around roots so long since decayed?"

But a noble ancestry is as often paralyzing in its effects upon its descendants, as it is stimulating to noble deeds. There is a pride that tends to indolence, as there is also one that calls forth activity; and in the list of great names, those men shine forth as the greatest, who have made those names for themselves, who have not therefore been burthened with the necessity of rivalling their ancestors, and whose growth has consequently not been stunted and dwarfed into insignificance, by the overshadowing of a mighty progenitor. That sons do not equal their great fathers, besides being pretty generally apparent, is an old dogma enough. Athene, when she wishes to stimulate Telemachus by reminding him that he is the son of Odusseus and Penelope, takes care to add that she does not expect to find their perfections in him, as sons so very seldom excel, nay, are generally inferior to, their celebrated sires:—

Παῖροι γὰρ τοὶ παῖδες θυοῖσι πατρὶ πέλονται
Οἱ πλεονες κακέων· παῖροι δὲ τε πατρὸς ἡρώων.
Ὀδυσ. Β'. 276.

On the other hand the laudable emulation of being worthy of a good parentage is not without its advantages, and if the Hellenes of to-day have been, and still are, too clamorous in asserting their rights to be considered the legitimate offspring of old Greece, and heirs to all her wealth of intellect, it is excusable, although it may be injudicious. The fruits of the tree will declare of what stock it is, and no labelling "Ribstone Pippin" will avail, if wild crabs cluster on the branches. And if the Greeks of to-day are seedlings from that ancient tree, we should naturally look rather for the variations which seedlings often develop, than for a mere reproduction of the parent stock. If attempts are made to force the seedlings into untimely growth, or to imitate the proportions and configuration of the majestic parent tree, there will necessarily be great disappointment and failure. The seedlings will have to learn that they are but seedlings, and must patiently wait

until the quality of their fruits can be tested. There is however visible in the awakening of the literature of new Hellas that one essential element, without which nothing great in art or poetry can be produced, namely enthusiasm; and this, if it be not expended upon fruitless objects and extravagant aims, will not fail in its usual results.

It has, nevertheless, been suggested that all the present literary activity of modern Greece, and all its poetical aspirations, are due to the fostering care of her academies, and of Athens as a centre; and are not the spontaneous effects of genius, of which they show but little, but the outcome of an artificial growth, stimulated and kept alive by literary contests and awards, and producing in the end a crowd of teachers, grammarians, and writers of birthday and anniversary patriotic odes. Much poetic effort would doubtless result from such stimulus, though it would be vain to hope for any manifestation of genius therefrom. The same average amount of talent would probably be elicited as is usually evoked by examinations; which, of whatever use they may be for the purposes of testing culture, are worthless for the production of genius, who is an erratic child, born of freedom, and not often of the schools. But if in poetical contests, patriotic poems and birthday odes never ascend much above mediocrity, yet by their stimulus an impetus may be given, which shall penetrate for good into some remote and unexpected corner. Without education, without the happy conjunction of circumstances, latent powers remain latent. Nature, or events, or the awakening of emotions may kindle the slumbering fire; but failing such, it smoulders away, its occasional sparks causing restlessness and disquietude to none but the possessor, who may be partially conscious of his gift. Abject surroundings, ignorance, misery, slavery, tyranny, may make the themes of the poet, but not the poet himself.

In the long Byzantine sleep of luxury, and in the slavery consequent upon it, a great poet was hardly to be expected from the Greek race; but nevertheless the spirit of poetry was not extinguished, it showed itself occasionally in those wild ballads that stored up and kept alive the spirit of freedom and love of country, on many a hilltop where the Klephts had their strongholds. Klephts and Klephtic ballads no longer commend themselves to our sympathies; but a little consideration

may convince us that if the spirit which animated the few, in the days of their final struggle with the Ottomans, had existed in the majority of the Greeks, history might have had a different tale to record. The Klephts anyhow scorned safety at the price of liberty, and holding their lives in their hands, suffered many extremes, lived like the wild beasts, and were hunted down as such, as many of their songs express:—

‘Ὡς πότε παλληκάρια, νὰ ζῶμεν ’ς τὰ στενά,
Μονάχοι ’σὺν λεοντάρια, ’ς ταῖς βύχαις, ’ς τὸ
βουνά;

Σπηλαιῖς νὰ κατοικοῦμεν, νὰ βλέπομεν κλαδί
Να φύγωι’ ἀπ’ τὸν κόσμον γὰρ τὴν πικρὴ σκλαβιά;
Να χίνωμεν πατρίδα, ἀδελφία καὶ γονεῖς.
Τοὺς φίλους, τὰ παῖδιά μας κ’ ὅλους τοὺς συγγε-
νεῖς;

Καλύτερα μιῷς ὥρας ἐλευθερῇ ζωῇ,
Παρὰ σαράντα χρόνων σκλαβιᾷ καὶ φυλακῇ.

Thus then, as Pallikars, we will live in the wilds, with the beasts, on rocks and mountains, dwelling in caves with boughs to cover us, fleeing from the world on account of bitter slavery, and for that we lose our fatherland, wives, parents, friends, children, and all our kindred. But better a free life for one hour than forty ages of slavery and chains.

The writer of the spirited poem from which the above lines are taken, was the unfortunate Rhegas, the protomartyr of Greek independence, whose whole life was devoted to the one cause of freeing his country. Born in Thessaly, in 1754, the impression upon his early years of the effect of subjugation must have been vivid, for he left his home at ten years of age and went to Bucharest, where he studied; nor ever again, until the hour when he was delivered up to the Ottoman power by Austria, returned to his place of birth. Living or dead, however, his songs were firebrands thrown amongst combustible elements, and it was from the above poem that Lord Byron took his “Sons of the Greeks, arise,” which, however, lost much of its fire even by his translation. The unbearable yoke which drove the more untamable natures to a robber life, justified them not only in their own eyes, but in those of many who sympathized with their cause. Theirs was at least the home of liberty, there was the spirit of patriotism nursed, and it was songs such as the above that, spreading amongst the enslaved people, kept alive the hopes of some future deliverance. To them, conjoined with other causes, the rising was due, and the independence of Greece is mainly indebted to those hill-robbers. But the era of

Klephtic ballads is over; robbers, even with patriotism as their watchword, are no longer either admired or tolerated, and modern taste revolts from the bloody thoughts and images contained in those songs. It is not with Klephtic ballads that there can in this day be any possible sympathy; but the muse of new Hellas has left the heights, and has domiciled herself by the hearth. It was a happy thought of a subsequent writer*—himself fortunate enough to behold the freedom of his country secured, and the first fruits of a new dawn appearing—to parody the celebrated war-song of Rhegas, and to call upon the Greeks, *not* to take up arms, but science and learning; *not* to shed the blood of their enemies, but to leave them to ignorance, thus transposing the refrain

‘Ἐλλήνες ἄγωμεν!
Τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἐχθρῶν
’Ἄς βέσση πρὸ ποδῶν!

Greeks, arise! and let the blood of your enemies flow before your feet,
into—

‘Ἐλλήνες ἄγωμεν!
Φῶς ἀναλάβωμεν
Τὸ φοβερόν
Τῆς Ἀμαθείας
Νὰ μείν’ εἰς τὸν ἐχθρόν.

Greeks, arise! rekindle the light, and let the burden of ignorance remain with the enemy.

It is however in love-songs and poems of the affections that the muse of new Hellas is most successful; whenever she attempts too high a flight, and indulges in appeals to the mighty past, or in endeavors to recall it, she becomes rhapsodical. Among the writers of lyrics none has hitherto had more power than Christopoulos; unhappily, however, his themes do not always commend themselves, some of his most spirited effusions are Bacchanalian; and although potations are not yet obsolete, songs to the god of wine belong to a society that is past.

But his love-songs have the same easy flow and brightness; they remind us of Horace in their lightness and grace, and of Horace also, in the fact that they seldom show much depth of feeling. They evince a careless joyousness, with a determination to get the best out of life.

There is in one or two a sturdy and witty protest against the advance of age, and the approach of gray hairs being con-

* Konstantinos Pikkolos, born in Bulgaria in 1792; died in Paris, 1864.

sidered any drawback in a lover. *White* is the favorite color with Eros, the myrtle sacred to Aphrodite is *white*, and so too was Leda's swan — with many similar conceits which might serve as arguments for ancient suitors. The following is a crude endeavor to render into English a sparkling little poem entitled "Fellow Travellers" (*Συντροφοί*).

Eros, and old God Time,
And my sweet love and I,
Up hill, in morning's prime,
Together walked one day.

My love she lagged behind
Upon the stony way,
Whilst Eros passed (unkind!)
With old Time quickly by.

"Dear Eros, why so fast?
Tarry a while, I pray.
Will not thy patience last
Throughout one summer's day?"

And then with wings outspread,
As though they meant to fly,
Waving their pinions overhead
They raised them to the sky.

"Friends! Friends! Oh, whither flee ye?
Why this unseemly race?
My love, she cannot, see ye,
Keep up with such a pace."

Then Eros, turning round,
Said, "Such our usual way,
Ever I think 'tis found,
With Time I fly away."

As the sea, after the mountains, is the most marked feature in every scene of Greece, and that which is the source of so much of its beauty, so in its poems, this strong physical characteristic is most prominent. The two following songs from Solomos, the author of the "Hymn to Freedom" — a hymn above the average of such odes — are given as examples. It is to be remarked, in these and other songs, that it is the lady who is lost to, or has left her lover; and in this respect they differ from songs of the same character among ourselves, in which it is the maiden who bewails some youth whom the ruthless sea has swallowed up, or who has gone far away, and whose return seems doubtful.

EURYKOME.

O sea! when wilt thou bring again Eurykome to me?

Long have I waited on thy shore,
With strained and wearied eyes; O broad,
deep sea!

Going, and still returning evermore.

"Oh, bear her, bear her to me!" so longing
Thrysus spoke,
And knelt and kissed the beating wave,
Kissed the salt foam o'er brow and cheek that
broke,
Nor knew he kissed Eurykome's cold grave.

XANTHOULA.

I saw, I saw Xanthoula,
I saw her yester eve,
As she stepped into the little boat,
When she was taking leave.

A gentle breeze a-blowing,
Filled the white sails on high,
And they looked like a snowy dove
Opening its wings to fly.

Her friends stood sadly gazing;
But joy was on her face,
As she waved her kerchief, bidding
Them all farewell with grace.

And I stood, and heard her farewell,
And the boat it skimm'd away,
And bore her to another shore,
As it glided out of the bay,

By little, and by little, till
At last I did not know,
If 'twas the foaming sea I saw,
Or the boat with the sails of snow.

But when both boat and kerchief
Were lost in wave and sky,
Her friends they wept in sorrow;
And silently wept I.

I wept not for the little boat,
Nor the sails that I saw no more;
I wept for fair Xanthoula,
Who went to a distant shore.

I wept not for the little boat,
With the snowy sails so fair;
I wept for my Xanthoula,
With the waving golden hair.

As a further illustration of the frequency of this conjoint image — the sea, and the loss of a lady love — I subjoin the following song of Salakostas, entitled "Her Departure" (*ἡ ἀπαχώρασις τῆς*): —

I woke, they said the much-loved maid was gone.

With the salt waves, evermore
Breaking tideless on that shore,
I held sad converse, making there my moan.

"Ah," sighed the first that gently laved my feet,

"I bore her on my breast,
Hence now my deep unrest,
And thus I thee in kindred sorrows meet."

"Her eyes were dimmed with tears," I said,
"Oh why?"

To the next wave that onward prest.
Shaking the pearl-drops from its crest,
"She left a much-loved youth," it made reply.

"If loved, why did she leave me here to mourn?"

I asked a third proud wave;
But answer none it gave,
And with loud tossings passed along in scorn.

The next specimen, *Τὸ Φίλημα*, is also from the pen of Salakostas. "The Kiss" is one of the most favorite songs of the people, to which class all those already cited may be said to belong. The language or dialect of the people is identical with that of the poets; and whereas prose writers, lecturers, and orators, aim universally to reproduce the Attic and pure classic forms, the colloquial and poetical language (albeit, with some admixture) approximates to a more archaic and Æolic type.

We sat within a bosky glade
Alone, none other nigh;
She was a bright and blooming maid,
But ten years-old was I.
"Mary," I whispered full of fear;
"Mary, I do so love thee, dear."

Soft laughter flitted o'er her brow,
She looked me in the eyes;
"Dear child, of love what can'st thou know,
Its tremors, or its sighs?"
"No harm to thee can come from this;"
And on my lips long dwelt her kiss.

After long years I sought her, trace
Of memory there was none,
She coldly looked me in the face,
And paused not, but passed on.
Another fills her heart forever;
But I, that kiss forget not, never, never.

The next is a skillful and fair interpretation of the demeanor of a bashful girl towards her lover, from the pen of Mataragkas, who, unlike the majority of the modern poets, was an Athenian by birth.

Thy glance thy lip's deceit denies,
And owns the pulse of love;
'Neath thy cold falsehoods feeling lies,
Maid, timorous as the dove!

Thou hearest each enraptured vow,
With a disdainful smile;
Yet sweetly flits a ruddy glow,
Athwart thy cheeks the while.

Thou giv'st a flow'r with head avert,
And brow downcast and grave;
Then soon thy whispering tones assert,
"Thou'lt keep the flow'r I gave."

When near thee happy moments fly,
Few words thy only boon;
I rise to leave, then say'st thou, "Why
Dost thou depart so soon?"

What heart, and voice, and look betray,
Thou vainly wouldst conceal;
O maid! the sun a golden ray
Through mists will still reveal.

Τὸ Ἄστρον, "The Star," with which this slight sketch concludes, is from the pen of a living author, Angelos Vlachos, who has written many plays of merit, and whose comedies, especially, contain an inexhaustible fund of mirth and humor.

THE STAR.

Afar in yon blue ether,
One star was shining brightly,
And hand in hand together
We gazed upon it nightly.

We gazed on it together,
Nor saw it e'er apart;
Nor I, nor she, the maiden,
The darling of my heart.

Alas! the hand of death
Hath closed those eyes forever;
And in the vault of heaven
That star now shineth never.

E. M. EDMONDS.

From Temple Bar.

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

In the course of last season a collection of pictures was exhibited in Bond Street which not unnaturally attracted a good deal of notice. It was a small collection, comprising not more than eighteen or twenty canvases, and all the works were by one hand; but that hand was Mr. Millais's. Each step in the development of his genius and characteristics was illustrated by at least one picture, and his later style was shown by none better than by the "North-West Passage." Visitors to the Academy exhibition of some four or five years ago, may remember that this picture had a conspicuous position in the large room, and was ever surrounded by a crowd, for it called to mind the then recent attempt made by this country to penetrate to the north pole. The figures were those of a young girl sitting on a low stool reading, and an old, white-bearded man in a blue sailor suit and with a glass of rum and water beside him. He was listening to the story of the expedition, and the spectator could not fail to be struck with the thought that if the terrible enterprise were ever to be carried through, it must be by the help of such a man as the old one in the picture; for nothing could exceed the expression of resolution given by the clenched hand as

it rested on the table, or the look of concentrated energy in the whole face as he said: "It must be done!"

That old man was Edward John Trelawny, whose career has just closed, and who had had, up to middle life at least, more personal adventures than, perhaps, any man living.

Born in 1792, the younger son of an ancient Cornish family, he inherited a name that has found a place in the *Volkslieder* of the west of England. But very little is known to the outside world of his early years; and indeed his life had been such a full one that anything like an adequate view of it could not be given in an article of this kind. It will be sufficient to offer a brief account of the years 1820-25, of which he has written in his book, "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author;" for those are the years of highest interest in his career, and the period when his life may be said to have attained historic value.

After some years of adventure, "of moving accidents by flood and field," Trelawny found himself in the year 1820 at Geneva. It was at the house of a friend, on the outskirts of that pleasant city, that he first met Medwin and Williams — men whose names and lives are as closely joined with the last period of Shelley's career as Trelawny's own. They were young subalterns just returned from India, and at that time on furlough. Medwin was enthusiastic about Shelley, whom he had met quite lately, and sang his praises over the dinner-table with such evident sincerity, and such enthusiasm, that Trelawny's desire to know the poet was keenly aroused. Who was this young and daring bard who was striving with all his might to overthrow the settled order of things, to loose the bands that held society together, whose every poem was a blast of revolutionary breath, who had been driven forth from his own country amid the howls and execrations of an outraged community? Trelawny's love of adventure prompted him to seek the acquaintance of such an one. But these two men, so truly different as to suggest a doubt whether they were made of the same constituent elements of flesh and blood, and yet between whom in a very short time there sprang up so true and warm a friendship, were not to meet just then. Trelawny was called by urgent private business to England, and it was not until the early part of 1822 that he first saw Shelley.

It may be interesting to note here that

a little time before Trelawny met Medwin and Williams, he had, most unexpectedly, encountered Wordsworth, whom he asked abruptly what he thought of Shelley. "Nothing," replied the elder bard; and then, seeing Trelawny's surprise, added, "A poet who has not produced a good poem before he is twenty-five, we may conclude cannot and never will do so." It is quite enough to mention that at this time "The Cenci," perhaps the "Prometheus," certainly the "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills," and innumerable exquisite lyrics, had been published; but one must also remember that, some years afterwards, Wordsworth admitted that "Shelley was the greatest master of harmonious verse in our modern literature."

It was late one evening in the spring of 1822 that Trelawny arrived at Pisa. He had had a troublesome and fatiguing journey from London, and was only too glad to receive the warm welcome of his friends the Williamses, between whom and himself a correspondence had been kept up since their parting, more than a year before, at Paris, whither they had accompanied him on his way from Geneva to London. They were now under the same roof with the Shelleys. Trelawny tells the story of that first evening in a manner inimitable from its picturesque grace, and it would be worse than ridiculous to give it in any other than his own words:—

The Williamses received me in their earnest, cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and going to the doorway she laughingly said, "Come in, Shelley; it's only our friend Tre just arrived."

Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed feminine and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with the world? . . . He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his "sizings." Mrs. Williams saw my embarrassment, and to relieve

me asked Shelley what book he had in his hand. His face brightened, and he answered briskly, —

"Calderon's '*Magico Prodigioso*;' I am translating some passages in it."

"Oh, read it to us!"

Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly became oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analyzed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretation of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet were marvellous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality, I no longer doubted his identity. A dead silence ensued; looking up, I asked, "Where is he?"

Mrs. Williams said, "Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where."

Could anything be lighter, more graphic, more in accordance with the whole spirit of the scene than that description? It is a prose poem. An dhere we may remark that Trelawny's qualifications for a biographer were in many respects high. He seldom or never mentions incidents except as illustrating idiosyncracies, or contrasting qualities. His one aim appears to be to show people as they are; to make them live again in his pages; to give the individuality of each, and not to string together a collection of characteristics. He is particularly severe in his remarks on Moore's "Life of Byron" for failing in what may be called this dramatic quality; he says it is a poor collection of lords and ladies and festive gatherings, and fails utterly in showing the poet as he lived; and it must be owned that, in these fascinating volumes of his, Trelawny steers clear of the faults he condemns in Moore. Crotchety he no doubt was, and his inferences and deductions may often be challenged; but unless we are to set aside his work as wholly unveracious in its record of facts, we must admit that it is valuable in quite an unique manner as a presentiment of the lives of the people it deals with. There is a realistic force about it that will not and cannot be argued with; it has the accuracy of a photograph, and the breadth and character of a portrait by a true artist.

The day after their meeting, Trelawny was taken by Shelley to call on Byron. The Pilgrim advanced to meet them from an inner chamber, quickly, and with short steps, as was his wont; for his lameness made it difficult for him to adopt any

other than a half-running gait. He was somewhat embarrassed at seeing a stranger, but welcomed both visitors warmly.

He wore a tartan jacket braided — he said it was the Gordon pattern, and that his mother was of that race; a blue velvet cap with a gold band, and very loose nankeen trousers, strapped down so as to cover his feet; his throat was not bare, as represented in drawings.

In external appearance Byron realized that ideal standard with which imagination adorns genius. He was in the prime of life — thirty-four; of middle height, five feet eight and a half inches; regular features without a stain or furrow on his pallid skin; his shoulders broad, chest open, body and limbs finely proportioned. His small, highly-finished head and curly hair had an airy and graceful appearance from the massiveness and length of his throat; you saw genius in his eyes and lips. In short, nature could do little more than she had done for him, both in outward form and in the inward spirit she had given to animate it.

While the author was taking these observations, the poets were in an animated discussion about some work of Byron's. Presently, Shelley left, and Byron invited Trelawny to stay and join him in a game of billiards. Instantly he dropped the high themes upon which he was ever ready to converse with Shelley (and only with him). Trelawny says: "I had come prepared to see a solemn mystery, and so far as I could judge from the first act, it seemed to me very like a solemn farce." Yes — there was the Pilgrim of Eternity knocking billiards-balls about; talking incessantly of himself and his own doings great and small; recalling trivial incidents of past years; uttering bitter things; but above and before all, trying to show himself as a gay and fashionable man of the world, for Trelawny tells us there was nothing Byron hated so much as to be considered and treated as a poet. He had been the darling of the Regency. He had drunk deep, and played wildly, and lived recklessly, and had learned the lesson of the fashionable world, that any expression of real feeling, or any yielding to sentiment, was to be rigidly eschewed. Shelley was the only man who could induce him to talk of literature. His vanity was, as all mankind knows, inordinate; and he wished all to think worse of him than he really was. "Men of genius are not to be measured by the ordinary standard of men; their organization is different; they stand higher and see farther; we hope to see the diviner part of human nature exemplified in the life of a pre-eminent poet. *Byron disenchanted me.*"

So says Trelawny: but however great the lack of "the diviner part" in Byron's nature, he found that want more than atoned for by the fulness of the divineness of Shelley.

Trelawny was by no means *laudator temporis acti*. He is hard all through these volumes on the failings of the Regency period; and many are the sarcastic allusions to "the good old times." But neither is he tender to the weaknesses of to-day — to its shams, its sentimentality, its adoration of wealth and rank, its false morality.

His views on Byron's marriage difficulties are of course worth reading. He deals remorselessly with Lady Byron — says she was self-willed, intolerant, jealous, and vindictive, and through some sharply-written pages gives us a picture of their married life. Indeed, his remarks on marriage generally are anything but encouraging to those about to take the plunge.

Very pretty books have been written on the "Loves of the Angels," and "Loves of the Poets," and "Love Universal" — but when lovers are paired and caged together in holy matrimony, the curtain is dropped, and we hear no more of them. It may be they moult their feathers and lose their song.

And again: —

Within certain degrees of affinity marriages are forbidden; so they should be where there is no natural affinity of feelings, habits, tastes, or sympathies. It is very kind in the saints to ally themselves to sinners, but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred it turns out a failure.

Without doubt the most interesting part of the first volume is that which recounts the circumstances attending the death of Shelley and Williams. The world knows the story well enough, and it need not be repeated here. But it is not so well known that Trelawny was the moving spirit in an enterprise that began so brightly and ended in such darkness. He had one day taken Shelley to Leghorn; they had been on board many vessels in the harbor, and the poet had been charmed. He was, as De Quincey beautifully calls him, the "eternal child," and nothing had for a long time so delighted him as this visit. He saw ships from every country; he was entertained by English, French, Russian, American sailors. He saw the knowing Yankee skipper and contrasted him with the cunning and half-piratical captain of a Levantine trader; his eyes danced with glee as they took in the varied colors of the different

sails — the red canvas of the southern seas, the pure white sail of the northern ocean, the indigo or brown of other waters. The ships were to him so many living creatures, and their different forms like various kinds of beautiful seabirds. When, therefore, as they drove home, Trelawny said: "You get Byron to join us, and with your family and the Williamses, and books, houses and boats, undisturbed by the botheration of the world, we shall have all that reasonable people require." Shelley at once agreed. The plan was to form a colony on the Gulf of Spezia, and Byron fell in with the suggestion eagerly, and at once asked Trelawny to get him a yacht built. In practical matters of every kind Trelawny was indispensable, and this was work after his own heart. At Genoa dwelt an old naval friend of his, Captain Daniel Roberts, and to him was given an order for Byron's yacht and for an open boat for Shelley and Williams. The plans were drawn, the estimates sent in, and the work proceeded. Meanwhile, Williams and Trelawny rode along the coast looking everywhere for a suitable house for the colonists. After much difficulty one was found in the centre of the Bay of Lerici. It was a desolate and deserted building called the Villa Magni, with not much accommodation, and what there was of a kind only to be made suitable after much labor. However, it was taken, and, after some time and money spent in preparing it for habitation, was occupied by the Shelleys, Williamses, and Trelawny. Here in this delightful country, the blue Mediterranean at their feet, the purple Apennines behind them, the dwellers passed some weeks of happiness, and Trelawny tells with much vividness the story of their every-day life.

Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which, from the very first, he seems to have taken his place among them as truly one of them. It is to be supposed they felt the value of his sagacity, his knowledge of men and things, his energy, his practical qualities. It was not for nothing he had been a traveller and an adventurer; there were few things he could not turn his hand to; while, of course, in everything connected with ships he was a past master. He used to give Shelley and Williams lessons in the steering and management of their little vessel, and relates some amusing tales of their "lubberly" qualities. Mr. Rossetti bears witness to Trelawny's value, and says: —

One who soon established a position of great prominence and intimacy was Captain E. J. Trelawny. We owe to this gentleman one of the best books extant regarding the poet whom he understood and loved at once . . . The poet thought Trelawny noble and generous, and Mrs. Shelley soon — too soon — had reason to regard him as the only quite disinterested friend she had at hand.

The dark events of the 5th of July, 1822, are told in the "Records" with great exactness and much feeling. How little Trelawny knew when he brought about the building of Byron's schooner the "Bolivar," and Shelley's boat the "Don Juan," that he was preparing in one of them the instrument of death!

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses
dark,
That sank so low that sacred head of thine.

But he was always eager for anything that promised, in however small a degree, adventure and action; and the freedom from the trammels of the world promised by their new life enchanted him. He went through with anything he had set his mind upon, and had a very decided contempt for Byron's vacillations of purpose. Shelley's failures in temporal matters he viewed with tenderness and almost with awe; for in spite of his own worldly shrewdness, his direct and sailor-like way of coming to the point at once, his manner of looking with undazed eye at things as they really are, and not as poets and idealists see them — as they ought to be — he knew (no man better!) that there is in this world something higher than what we call success, and he felt, he recognized, he bowed before the true divinity of Shelley's soul.

The bodies of the drowned were not found till seven or eight days after that fatal squall. During the long and anxious hours of those days Trelawny exhibited the vigilance and energy that might have been expected of him. He was in the saddle the whole time, riding up the coast and down the coast, organizing search parties, directing them, promising rewards, stimulating their exertions by his own powerful example. At last the corpses were washed up, dreadfully disfigured by their long immersion in salt water and from other causes, and we all know the touching incident of the volume of Keats's last poem, "Lamia," being found in Shelley's pocket. He had thrust it hastily away when the storm reached them, and had gone — as one may think

gladly — to meet him whose early death he had sung in the noblest elegy in our language.

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Had beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

One of the saddest tasks that ever fell to the lot of man was now Trelawny's — he had to break the desolating tidings to the widowed women in the Villa Magni. For days they had been alone, cheered sometimes by a word of hope from the searchers for the dead, but, as we can well imagine, for the most part only hoping against hope. The news came to Trelawny in the dusk of the evening, as he was going to the house. He approached the silent dwelling, and for a moment as he stood on the threshold, his heart, as well it might, failed him. He paused, and the Italian maid seeing him in the doorway in the uncertain light, and taking him for an apparition, screamed. He went past her and ascended the stairs. As he entered the chamber Mrs. Shelley rose and, approaching him, looked close into his face. She read her doom in his countenance, but managed to gasp out some question as to what tidings he had brought. How could he speak to her and the other wife words which would desolate their hearts? He found no utterance, and, turning slowly away, in silence left the house.

The bodies were buried above the reach of the waves, and, in agreement with the quarantine laws, quicklime was thrown upon them. And then Trelawny set out to gain the permission of the authorities to build a funeral pyre on the shore, and burn the corpses in the old classic manner. Many delays took place; our consul urged the case, and Byron's great name was used. At length leave was given. The pyre was built, the fuel placed, and the torch applied.

Dense clouds of smoke arose from the pyre and hung about; salt, frankincense, and wine were used, and presently the clear flames shot upward, and when Shelley's body was consuming, it was noticed that this was the signal for the swift approach of a curlew, which flew wailing and screaming round and round the fires, and would not be driven away. Byron, Leigh Hunt, Trelawny and the Italian officials, with many sight-seers, stood and watched, and when the flames were somewhat subsiding, Trelawny snatched from the midst of the fire the heart of Shelley.

The ashes of both bodies were rever-

ently enclosed in caskets, and those of Shelley were, after some time, sent to Rome. There, in a little recess under the pyramid said to be that of Caius Cestius, Trelawny built two sepulchres. One received the ashes of the poet; the other was for Trelawny himself, but it is still empty. The heart—

That heart whose beating blood was running song—

was not buried. It was given to Mrs. Shelley; she gave it to Leigh Hunt, and some years ago his family gave it to Sir Percy Shelley. It now rests, or used to rest, in a beautiful urn on a mantelshelf at Boscombe. The ashes, Trelawny was told (but he did not positively affirm it) were taken from Rome by stealth, and are now in the possession of Lady Shelley.

Trelawny was now about to enter upon a new phase of life. He was thirty years of age, in the very flower of his manhood, and had been living for a year or two a life of a very peaceful and uneventful kind. Not an unfruitful life, however; for his moral and intellectual nature had received impulse and tone from his everyday association with two of the finest spirits that have appeared in this century. But action, great or small, was to him absolutely necessary, and he began by conveying Leigh Hunt and his family from Pisa, by way of Leghorn, to Genoa. He assisted Byron, too, in his removal, and makes some amusing remarks on the helplessness and bustle that prevailed in the poet's household. Hunt had gone to Italy to start the *Liberal* with Byron, but the enterprise was a failure and was speedily abandoned. Although a man of honest convictions and distinguished, a bold thinker, and a fearless writer, he was a Cockney, and neither Byron nor Trelawny could forgive him this. Besides, the latter says that two minds more differently constituted than Hunt's and the poet's never existed; so no wonder the *Liberal* died early. Moreover, it is added with a touch of genuine pathos, "The fine spirit that had animated and held us together was gone. Left to our own devices, we degenerated apace."

The revolutionary war in Greece had been already raging for some years, and now Byron felt the fire kindling within him. He said that everything good he had ever written had been inspired by Greece, and he would fight for her. But his vacillations were tedious in the extreme. Perhaps his health or his lame-

ness retarded him—anyhow, it was generally months before he did what he had long talked of. At last he put himself in communication with the Greek Committee in London, who only too gladly availed themselves of his name and money. To make a long story short, he sent for Trelawny, who was absent on a riding-tour in the interior of Italy, to come to him at Albaro and arrange everything. A ship—the brig "Hercules," Captain Scott—was chartered, fitted, provisioned, and manned, and set sail from Genoa on the 13th of July, 1823. The voyage, after a rough beginning, was prosperous, and Byron in the highest spirits. They passed Stromboli, Etna, Scylla, Charybdis, and through the beautiful Straits of Messina. Of Stromboli he said, "If I live another year, you will see this scene in a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold.'" And "Sometimes," says Trelawny, as they passed the "sunny and fertile coast of Sicily—gliding close by its smooth hills and sheltered coves—Byron would point to some serene nook and exclaim, 'There I could be happy.'"

Cephalonia was reached on the 3rd of August, but Byron found an excellent reason for more dilatoriness in the fact that Lieutenant Blaquiere, the emissary of the Greek Committee in London, had left Argostoli. It struck the poet that he had been used as a decoy, and he determined to move no further for the present. It was a saying of his: "If I am stopped for six days at any place, I cannot be made to move for six months." Trelawny, however, and a Mr. Hamilton Browne, who had joined the party at Leghorn, determined to be up and doing. Byron gave them letters to the Greek government—

if any such constituted authorities could be found, expressing his readiness to serve them when they had satisfied him how he could do so. As I took leave of him, his last words were:—

"Let me hear from you often—come back soon. If things are farcical, they will do for 'Don Juan'; if heroic, you shall have another canto of 'Childe Harold.'"

"Come back soon!" When Trelawny did come back, it was to see the Pilgrim of Eternity in his coffin.

A transcript of several pages of Trelawny's book ought now to be given; for it is impossible in any other way to convey an idea of the vividness with which he describes the scenes and adventures he and his companion met with. They passed

tracts of country strewn with the whitening bones of the insurgents and the Turks; they saw the ashes of what were once happy villages; they beheld fields full of rank weeds where once harvests were bounteous; they gazed on the shattered remains of barricades and fortifications. And these ghastly scenes lay in regions associated forever with historic names that are the blessed heritage of humanity.

Corinth was reached, and there the companions met many of the chieftains of the war.

Thence we crossed to Salamis, and found the legislative and executive bodies of the Provisional Government accusing each other of embezzling the public money . . . There, too, I saw the first specimens of the super-subtle Phanariotes, pre-eminent in all evil, reared at Constantinople, and trained in the arts of deception by the most adroit professors in the world.

The scheming, the intriguing, the selfishness passed description. "Troilus and Cressida" contains no instance of offended vanity, and dilatoriness and sloth, and deception, that can at all compare with what the Englishmen saw. They left in disgust, sailed for Hydra, and sent deputies from thence to England to arrange for a loan. Hamilton Browne accompanied the deputies, while Trelawny stayed in Greece.

At Athens he met Odysseus, of whom he at once formed a high opinion. "Descended from the most renowned race of Klephtes, he was a master of the art of mountain warfare, and a thorough Greek in cunning; strong-bodied, nimble-witted, and nimble-footed." In short, Odysseus was a Grecian hero of the old classic type, and, though capable of any shifts or stratagems, incorruptible in the cause of Greek independence. Trelawny joined him in an expedition to Eubœa against the Turks; then accompanied him to Salona, where a congress was to be held; then was sent by him to Missolonghi, where Byron was living at that time (the spring of 1824), to induce the poet and the leaders of western Greece to attend the congress.

Missolonghi, on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, was and is the most pestiferous and malarious spot in the whole of Greece. Trelawny knew Byron's predisposition to fever, and feared for his safety directly he heard where he was. On the way from Salona he met a messenger with a small guard going to

that town from Missolonghi. He had a foreboding of evil, and his heart sank. He paused: then passed by the escort without exchanging a word, and suffered the messenger to go some distance on his way before he had the courage to turn back and demand his tidings. "Byron was dead!" "Thus, by a stroke of fate, my hopes of being of use in Greece were extinguished." Yes, and his ambitions too: for it is no secret that he used every exertion to get Byron to Athens, assured that once the poet was there as the dispenser of the English loan and the controller of the lawless chieftains, in a city he loved, whose very atmosphere is inspiration, whose associations would have stirred every fibre of his nature and urged him to loftier endeavors than he had ever yet made — in short, with unbounded power and a stimulus to use it, he would have been offered the crown of Greece. But that was never to be. Death, as Raleigh says, had gathered together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, the ambition of this man, and covered it over with these two narrow words — *hic jacet*.

Once more we have to turn to Trelawny's "Records." He arrived at Missolonghi, and going straight to the house where Byron had lived, met the poet's servant Fletcher.

As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim — more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish: yet he had been dissatisfied with that body and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it! He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare — that might well be — but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy?

Then Fletcher is sent away, and Trelawny does the deed for which the blame of most people has unsparingly and, as one must think, justly fallen upon him. Merely to gratify a curiosity (which had already on one occasion been gratified by Byron himself while they were bathing), or, as Trelawny says, "to confirm or remove my doubts as to the exact cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet and was answered." And then follow exact particulars which might in this case,

as in the case of the burning of Shelley's body, where the details given are, in one or two places, simply revolting, have been omitted. It is a pity he did this thing, and a pity he has written of it in the calm, matter-of-fact manner he has used. But then sentiment had only a small part in Trelawny's nature, and the reader of these "Records" will be struck particularly by one thing, that between the author and Byron there was very little real friendship. The poet failed in tact, temper, judgment, decision, and many other qualities which Trelawny possessed. The latter was therefore necessary to him, and in his turn was naturally and justly proud of being the associate of, perhaps, the most famous man in Europe. He never speaks of Shelley except with genuine affection, while of Byron he says innumerable hard things. Their natures were as far apart as the east is from the west, and nothing could make them amalgamate. In the first shock of Byron's death, Trelawny did indeed write, "The world has lost its greatest man; I my best friend." But this is tempered down in the "Records" to, "I had a strong feeling of good will towards Byron," and the impression that his book leaves on the reader's mind, is that the feeling of good will was not always a strong one.

He next began a life of great activity, organizing, in the first place, and paying out of his own means, a small corps of men. They were a motley crew. Some foreign soldiers, who had been in Byron's pay, joined him. He had also five brass guns with ammunition. The total force was fifty or sixty horses and mules, and a hundred men, among whom only one spoke English, and he was a Scotchman named Fenton.

Many adventures followed in different parts of Greece — chiefly in the east, and while Trelawny was in company with Odysseus — all of which are told in a racy and realistic way.

The history of the Greek War of Independence is a difficult and complicated one, and need not be alluded to in this article, except in so far as it touches on the doings of Odysseus and, through him, Trelawny. The country was, soon after Byron's death, in a state of anarchy. The government had no control over the military leaders; these seized upon any land from which they had succeeded in expelling the Turks, and held it as their own. But the dwellers in the towns, civilians, jealous of the increasing power of the military chiefs, disputed their right

to do this, and began to form a self-constituted government. Mavrocordato, the enemy of Odysseus, Tricoupi, and Collette, took the lead; but the soldiers paid little heed to them, not thinking it possible that a government without money could be very formidable or last long. The government, did, however, succeed in getting a loan from England — no less than £40,000. They assembled at Nauplia, and at once determined to crush their military rivals.

Odysseus had the command of eastern Greece before the revolution began. He had succeeded in subduing the brigands in his district, and had persuaded such of them as submitted, to join his forces. His army was small, but his genius for command was great, and, as he told Trelawny, he had for three years, by stratagem and force, and without aid from the government, kept the Turks out of the Morea. When a National Assembly met at Nauplia, Odysseus stood up and denounced the government, accusing them of embezzlement and fraud, and saying that the good English gold had gone into their own pockets and not into the channels for which it was intended. That same night his life was attempted, and though the delinquents were arrested and handed over to the government, they were never punished.

At last affairs became so bad through the disorganization and plotting and counter-plotting, and embezzlement and treachery, that the brave Klephte chieftain was forced to retire to his own people. They dwelt on and about Mount Parnassus, and were as absolutely loyal to their chief as ever were the members of a Highland clan to theirs. In one of the steep and all but inaccessible crevices of the great mountain was a large cave. This Odysseus had, with much labor and skill, rendered perfectly habitable, and, by the help of a succession of ladders which could be used by those in possession to prevent the access of enemies, tolerably easy of reach. When the war broke out the chieftain had placed there his family and goods, and stored the cave with provisions for some years. It was such a place as one reads of in a romance. Most difficult of access, it was vast in size and absolutely impregnable if a watch were set over the ladders. The entrance to it was thirty feet high, so that it was perfectly light and airy; in front was a wide and smooth terrace of solid rock, which without much difficulty lent itself to purposes of fortification; many

galleries and chambers opened out from the main cavern, all of them large enough for habitation. From hidden springs on the crown of Parnassus, filtered through the rock a stream of limpid purity and fell into a large cistern on the terrace. The views were limitless and splendid, and the air you inhaled was the very breath of heaven.

The fortunes of war and his own restless spirit called Odysseus back to Athens. There, some months afterwards, he was imprisoned, most cruelly tortured to make him tell where his treasure was hidden, hamstrung, and at last flung from the tower of his confinement and killed. So perished this brave chieftain—the ablest soldier and perhaps the only honest man of all the Greeks. His own ability and his own honesty had been his ruin; for these he was murdered.

It is not possible to follow, in this article, Trelawny's minute account of the negotiations and scheming of all sorts that now went on in Greece, nor of his life in the cave. At their last parting, Odysseus had called his men together and in their presence given everything over to "this Englishman," and well Trelawny was qualified for the charge. Treachery, however, found its way to this altitude. Mention has been made of a Scotchman who joined Trelawny's corps when the latter went from Missolonghi to Salona, by name Fenton. This man was a spy, an informer, and a miscreant of the worst type. He had begged hard to be allowed to join the corps, and being an able fellow and full of activity and energy, and having, moreover, a nimble brain and a good address, had by slow degrees gained the confidence of his commander. "I sent him on many missions for money, to the seat of government, to see what they were doing, and with letters to friendly chiefs . . . I supplied him with all he wanted—my purse was his."

But every journey that his man Fenton made was undertaken by him with the secret determination to further the cause he had at heart, and that was—not the deliverance of Greece from the hand of her Turkish oppressors, but the betrayal of Trelawny and his cave and all it contained to the secretary of war. For a furious jealousy of Odysseus and all his belongings possessed the government. Sympathy of soul and feeling (if such men have souls and feelings) at once told the schemers that Fenton had his price. The cave was supposed to hold far more treasure than poor Odysseus had ever

hoped for or even dreamed of, and the Scotchman's share was to be one-half of everything. The plan was to capture Odysseus and murder Trelawny, and the first part of this plot had been successfully carried out. The rest, however, was not so easy of accomplishment, for the Englishman was both wary and brave, and kept good watch against the approach of enemies from the outside. There was in the cave a weak-minded, bombastic, irresolute, pliable creature named Whitcombe. He had thrown in his lot with Greece simply, as he said, to seek adventures, and Fenton had brought him to Trelawny in the latter part of May, 1825. He had been welcomed cordially, and for three days had been treated by the commander as a guest. On the fourth day, after dinner, the three compatriots sat out on the terrace smoking and drinking; every one else had retreated to the inner caves, for it was very hot. Fenton then proposed a shooting-match with Whitcombe; a target was arranged, and several shots were fired. Suddenly Fenton turned to Trelawny, and proposed that he should match his pistol against their muskets. He agreed, and taking the pistol from his belt, fired. At the same instant he felt himself shot in the back, and heard both men exclaim, "What a horrid accident!" He said, "Fenton, this must have been accidental," and Fenton, expressing the deepest sorrow, declared that it was so. The Scotchman then offered to shoot Whitcombe, whose gun had inflicted the wound, but Trelawny forbade him; whereupon Fenton hastily left him, following Whitcombe, who had gone to the entrance porch to make his escape.

But there was another reckoning to be made before they got away. One of the most valuable members of the little community was a noble dog, one of a breed that is found in the mountains of Pindus in Thessalia. Huge in size, they are yet more remarkable for courage and sagacity, and the one in the cave was a splendid specimen.

He would not enter a room; he patrolled the terrace at night, and was best pleased in the winter snowstorms, when the icicles hung on his long, brindled hair and shaggy mane. It was impossible to elude his vigilance or corrupt his fidelity—he could not be bribed. This is more than I can say of any Greek that I had dealings with, during the three years that I lived amongst them.

This dog saw at once that something was wrong, and growling savagely, barred

the escape of the miscreants. His warning note was heard in the cavern, and one of the men, a Hungarian, was at his post in an instant. Fenton called to him, "A dreadful accident! will you come down and help?" The Hungarian answered, "No accident, but treachery! If you don't put your carbine down I shall shoot you." Fenton had already raised his carbine, when the Hungarian fired, and killed him.

Whitcombe attempted to escape by the trap-door; the dog threw him on his back and held him as if he had been a rat. Achmett, a Turk, seized him, bound his arms, dragged him to a crane used for hoisting things from below, put a slip-knot in the rope, and placed it round his ankles to hang him. His convulsive shrieks and the frantic struggles he made as his executioners were hoisting him over the precipice, calling on God to witness that he was innocent, thrilled through my shattered nerves.

Trelawny, suffering as he was the acutest agony, every fibre in his body wrenched with pain, had yet the singular nobleness to stay the execution and, eventually, to forgive this wretched man. What became of him is not related.

And then began an exhibition of endurance and will that must remind readers of a scene that has but lately closed on the other side of the Atlantic. From the first day he was wounded, Trelawny determined to leave everything to nature. Doctors were scarce in Greece, and able ones did not exist at all, and the maimed man had more faith in his own constitution and the splendid mountain air than in fifth-rate surgery. He had been hit by two balls between the shoulders, one wound being close to the spine. One of the bullets found its way, by a tortuous avenue, into his mouth, and, as he bent his head, fell with several teeth to the ground; the socket of the teeth was broken, and the right arm paralyzed. He neither lay down nor quite sat down, but placed himself in a leaning posture against the rock, and there he remained for twenty days. No portion of his dress was removed: no extra covering worn. He refused to be

bandaged, plastered, poulticed, or even washed; nor would I move or allow any one to look at my wound. I was kept alive by yolks of eggs and water for twenty days: it was forty days before there was any sensible diminution of pain; I then submitted to have my body sponged with spirit and water, and my dress partly changed. I was reduced in weight from thirteen stone to less than ten, and looked like a galvanized mummy.

It is a wonderful record of more than Spartan endurance. He next tells how he attempted to take solid food and of the agony of moving his shattered jaw. He tells, with grim humor, how he "refused all wishy-washy or spoon-food and stuck to wild boar, which in turn stuck to me; it spliced my bones and healed my flesh." But his right arm was still paralyzed, and after waiting three months in all, and little progress made, he determined to see a surgeon, for until the ball was extracted, the arm would never regain its muscular force. A Klephte surgeon was brought, and was told that unless he cured the Englishman he would be killed. Trelawny bared his breast, the leech made an incision with a razor and began searching with his finger and thumb for the ball. But it was not to be found, and the wounded man carried that bullet in his body till his death. It may be mentioned that the Greek surgeon was not called upon to pay the penalty of his failure, much, doubtless, to his surprise and delight.

Some time after this an English acquaintance appeared unexpectedly at the cave, having been brought thither by Klephtes. He persuaded Trelawny to take advantage of an offer to embark in an English ship, and brought him word that pressure had been put on the Greek government, who would not interfere with such a step, although they naturally looked on a friend of Odysseus and an inheritor of his stronghold as an enemy.

Thus end Trelawny's "Records," for the last twenty pages are not, strictly speaking, within the scope of this article, containing, as they do, little but the author's views on the campaign in Greece, and Sir C. J. Napier's opinion of how the war should have been carried on.

Besides these most interesting "Records," Trelawny was also author of a book which in its day made much stir, "The Adventures of a Younger Son." It is a collection of the wildest and most romantic episodes told in a most vivid and realistic manner, with descriptive passages of eloquence and beauty. Autobiographical in form, it was supposed also to be true in fact; but as he gave it to the world as a work of fiction, as such, perhaps, it should be taken. It is in this respect much like "Vivian Grey" or "David Copperfield," which no doubt are historical up to a certain point, but where that point is who but the authors could have said? The reviews spoke highly of the work, the *Spectator* saying, "It is

the cleverest book of the season (1835) in its line, not excepting 'Eugene Aram.' Its freshness and vigor are perfectly surprising, and the various and curious experience it unfolds respecting the East in matter has been equalled by no book of travels, and excelled in no book of poetry." And the *Quarterly* noticed the book.

"The Younger Son" [says the reviewer] is not a work of fiction. It is, we are assured, a fragment of an autobiography of a man of remarkable talents, who has chosen to live a most extraordinary life, and to describe its incidents with, considering their character, a most extraordinary measure of fidelity.

This passage at least may be taken to be true of the author himself:—

From my soul, I, who had suffered so much from tyranny, abhorred oppression; I sided with the weak against the strong, and swore to dedicate myself, hand and heart, to war, even to the knife, against the triple alliance of hoary-headed impostors, their ministers and priests. When tyranny had triumphed, I followed the fortunes of those invincible spirits who wandered, exiled outcasts, over the world. Alas! those noble beings are no more.

In spite of this passage, it is probable that Trelawny was a Tory, and a Tory of the old school. Tyranny and oppression no doubt he hated—he even fought against them; and priestcraft, whether of the Romish or Greek or English kind, he utterly abhorred. So did many Tories of the old school; so do many of the modern. There is nothing dearer to the heart and soul of a Tory than personal freedom and the power that this gives into the hands of those who are strong enough to seize it. And to an adventurer (using the word in its best sense) like Trelawny, this is the very breath of his existence.

It is impossible to do otherwise than regret that he has gone. One by one the old human links that connect the present day with the mighty infancy and youth of this century are being snapped. He was one of the last of those links, and certainly one who will be not a little missed; for what a great array of talent, splendor, and genius could he not take us back to! Not again to mention Shelley and Byron, we still find historic names connected with his—Leigh Hunt and Godwin, imprisoned for political writing that was hateful to the government; Rogers, the poet; Tom Moore, whose Hibernian versatility made him a darling of society; John Murray, the publisher of Byron's

works; John Cam Hobhouse, the poet's executor and greatest friend; all the Greek revolutionary leaders, Mavrocordato, Odysseus, Canaris and the rest; Jeremy Bentham; and many besides. These men he knew; some of them he influenced, and in turn was influenced by some of them. It cannot be said that he has made a mark in history—restless men never do; but he was the intimate friend of very many who have, and his immense force of character made him a power in any society he chose to enter. He had outlived all the famous friends of his earlier days, and death must have come to him as a welcome messenger. But his departure leaves us the poorer, inasmuch as each who knew him can say that through him, when he spoke of the great spirits of the past,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

H. E. W.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE period which succeeded this somewhat memorable *Schlitten-partie* was tranquil and agreeable.

Falkenberg had, with much tact, kept up the tone of tender friendship he had established. Scarce a day passed without a visit from him on one pretext or another; and as he was also frequently at Dalbersdorf, his intercourse with each family helped to draw the links closer with the other.

He carried notes and messages from the young ladies to Grace and *vice versa*, and gradually became part of Mrs. Frere's daily life. Meantime, the variation of his moods puzzled and interested Grace. He was useful, too, in many ways; and under a certain soldierlike pride and finery, was a homeliness that helped to make their intercourse easy.

The chief event of this quiet time was a letter from Lady Elton, written in a kindly tone, as if nothing had ever happened to interrupt their first warm friendship.

"Though our intercourse lasted but for a brief season," she wrote, "I am surprised, now that I am once more settled in London, to find how closely you had

linked yourself with my life. I quite miss you; and though I still think you acted unwisely, I pardon you. I wish you would come over and pay me a visit, if Mrs. Frere could spare you. It would be far more to your advantage than vegetating in a miserable little Saxon town, the very name of which is unknown twenty miles beyond its own walls. Come and comfort me, for I have had a great sorrow since we met. The son of my oldest and dearest friend, who was as a son of my own, who had given me infinite trouble, yet who was my one link with the present, my one hope in the future, has been carried off by cholera at the other side of the world; and I feel as if everything, save the merest mechanism of life, had ceased for me. I think I could still take an interest in you. Hitherto I have infinitely preferred boys and men to girls and women. We are weak and false and scratchy, dear; and they are strong and selfish and true, because they can do very much what they like without being obliged to put too fine a point upon it; but I like and sympathize with *you* more than with any woman I have before known.

"I met your brother, at a painfully dull dinner at the Freres' some weeks ago. He was not looking well, though in some ways he is improved, and more a man of the world. I told him he might come and see me, but he has not availed himself of the invitation or permission. Do you know who he lives with in town — I mean what set? Max knows nothing of him. Talk to your mother, dear Grace, about coming to me for two or three months. Of course your journey to and fro would be my affair. Think of it, child; and believe me, your company would be a boon to your friend,

"H. ELTON."

"I am sure, dear Grace," said Mrs. Frere, when she had finished perusing this letter, "I would not for the world keep you back from what might be an advantage or a pleasure; so if you would like to go —"

An expressive break in the sentence, which was a little tremulous.

"Why, mother dear, how could you possibly do without me?" cried Grace, bending over her mother's armchair, and kissing her brow; "and what sort of pleasure should I have all that way off, imagining you struggling with Mab and Paulina, and the Schatz who would live in the kitchen if I was not here to frighten him? And — no! it is not to be thought

of. I assure you, I am quite content to stay here. I do not care to go to London, though I should like to see Lady Elton."

"Are you quite happy here, dearest?" asked Mrs. Frere fondly — "quite satisfied? I think it is really very nice, and the society far from dull. I am sure we have changed for the better in coming. And oh! indeed, my darling, what should I do without you? Only I suppose I must let you go some day. Ah! what will become of me if you marry a man who does not like me?"

"Oh, we must take care of that!" said Grace, laughing; "and at present it seems a very remote contingency."

"I am not so sure," returned Mrs. Frere with an air of prophetic wisdom and a knowing nod which sent the color to Grace's cheek and a thrill of annoyance to her heart.

Surely her mother did not dream of a German son-in-law? Any fancy in that direction must be nipped in the bud. But after a moment's pause Grace had self-control sufficient to turn the subject by exclaiming, —

"What! have you commissioned dear old Jimmy to find an 'illigant' young man of the best pattern? Never mind the future, dear; let us enjoy the present. I must answer this letter. Suppose we ask Lady Elton to come here?"

"Oh, as to Lady Elton, I should not mind her so much; but just think of her maid and Luigi here! It is too terrible."

"Yes, it would be terrible," said Grace reflectively. "Yet I will suggest her coming here; she seems so unhappy."

Here the sound of voices and the clatter of a sword without made her pause; and before she could resume, the door opened to admit Falkenberg, who came in quickly.

"Ah! good-morning, Mrs. Frere. Good-morning, Miss Grace. I come for a moment to say that I am suddenly called to Dresden."

"I am very sorry; shall you be long away?"

"No; I have two days' leave, and when I return we must have a ride together — must we not, my sweetest friend?"

"We will talk about it," returned Grace, who had not yet spoken.

"Ach Gott!" exclaimed Falkenberg, turning to her, and speaking rapidly in German. "When I return I shall have a secret, which yet will not be long a secret, to tell thee. Ah, Grace! wilt thou yet care for thy friend, whose fate has ever been one of disappointment?"

"You have no fresh trouble?" asked Grace kindly.

"No, nothing fresh! Come, dear Fräulein; step out on the balcony and give me a look and a kind wish as I ride away."

He took her hand and pressed it tightly. His eyes were alight with a sombre fire, and a strain of suppressed excitement underlay his manner, which affected gaiety.

"You ought to come and pay Dresden a visit, Mrs. Frere; make up your mind and come with me. I am a capital cicerone, and I could get a few more days' leave if you and Miss Grace would accompany me. Miss Grace, join your prayers to mine. Gott, it would be *himmlisch*, a week's freedom in a strange place!"

"Very charming, Herr Hauptmann, but quite impossible," said Mrs. Frere, smiling. "Curious enough, this is the second invitation we, at least Grace, has had this morning."

"Ha! how—where?" cried Falkenberg, turning quickly to her.

"To Lady Elton's in London," returned Mrs. Frere, who could not bear to hide even a farthing rushlight under a bushel.

With a good-bye to Mrs. Frere, and repeating "The balcony" in a low tone of entreaty to Grace, Falkenberg left the room.

Grace, struck by his unusual manner, stepped through the window, and looked down as he mounted his horse. He had evidently ridden over from the morning parade. Having swung himself into the saddle, Falkenberg raised his eyes to Grace and exclaimed in English, "Farewell, fairest and best of friends—farewell!" Touching his horse with the spur, he still looked back and waved his hand, though the animal started forward with a bound, and horse and rider passed quickly out of sight.

"He is handsome—he is certainly handsome, and nice!" thought Grace, looking after him with a slight sigh. "I am sure he is in some trouble, too;" and she still gazed dreamily down the road by which he had vanished, half vexed to think how much she liked him, and how much he influenced her, yet half wondering that both liking and influence were not greater and deeper. "He is a very fair hero," she thought, "and if I only believed him quite real and earnest I should be as fond of him as my mother is; but—He always puts my vanity on the *qui vive*; I feel so different after talking with Dr. Sturm—happier and better."

"Poor Von Falkenberg!" exclaimed Mrs. Frere, in a tone of tender commiseration, when Grace returned to the *salon*. "Did it strike you, dear, that he seemed very agitated?"

"Yes, he was different. Perhaps he has been sent for to receive some high appointment."

"I am afraid it is nothing so good that calls him away; I hope it is nothing unpleasant," continued Mrs. Frere, taking up her knitting; while Grace settled herself to a daily task of translating. "I have a high opinion of the Hauptmann. He is quite as well-bred as Max Frere, and yet free from that indescribable *hauteur* that made Max at times almost repellent."

"They are both very nice in their way," said Grace, with a slight sigh, as she drew her dictionary to her.

Then, after a pause, "Is it not nearly a fortnight since we had a letter from Randall?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Frere, looking over her knitting into the events of last week; "yes, it was a fortnight yesterday."

"I will write a line to Jimmy Byrne!" exclaimed Grace; "I should like to know what they are about. It will be in time for the post to-day!" and she hastily put aside her manuscript.

"Grace, my child! I know Lady Elton's letter has made you uneasy, and I do not wonder at it. God grant my dear boy is not seriously ill!"

Grace's letter to Jimmy Byrne did not elicit the usual prompt reply, and, although she was careful to hide it from her mother, an undefined anxiety, for which she could not account even to herself, grew upon her—one of those vague presentiments which all have experienced, and the *raison d'être* of which none can explain.

Meantime the ordinary tranquil current of life rolled smoothly on in Bergstrasse. Grace was always busy, and Mab, with frequent relapses into contradictory wilfulness, was on the whole improved.

Falkenberg's absence was prolonged to a week, and then, strange to say, he did not come first to his English friends to announce his return.

It was almost dinner-time one bright, keen day at the close of February, and Grace was endeavoring, with a mixture of command and entreaty, to induce Mab to wash her hands before the midday meal.

"I am sure, Grace, your eyes must be

dirty! I cannot see that my hands want washing. Look at them, mother."

"My dear, it is perfectly amazing that you do not wish to wash your hands; it is so much more comfortable."

"Not to me," said Mab decidedly. "Listen — there is the count."

In fact, the veteran's voice was heard interrogating Paulina, —

"Die gnädige Frau, ist zu sprechen?"

"Ja wohl, Herr Graf."

Mab rushed forth to greet him, and help him off with the huge fur coat still necessary in that elevated district.

My dear uncle, so very glad to see you! It is an age since any of you have been here. Are all well at Dalbersdorf?" cried Grace, embracing the kind old man.

"Well, yes — all but Frieda, who has a headache or a cold, or a something that would not let her come in with us. The Verwalter drove me into Zittau this morning. He came to see his brother. There is a talk of his becoming professor of history there, in consequence of his 'Essay on the Development of the Holy Roman Empire,' or some such thing."

"I am very glad!" exclaimed Grace, connecting this piece of news in her own mind with Frieda's stay-at-home malady.

"My dear uncle," said Mrs. Frere, "you will stay and share our homely dinner?"

"It is roast goose!" cried Mab, with a triumphant sniff; "I smell it."

"Yes, dear uncle," added Grace, "and a boiled batter pudding of my own mixing."

"Faith, mee darlings, I would be delighted to eat a potato and salt in your charming society," said the gallant veteran.

"Certainly," returned Mrs. Frere; and the count proceeded to ask for news from England, while Grace went to inspect the setting forth of the dinner.

"Well," said the count, unfolding his napkin and looking round him, as he placed himself at table, "you are a couple of excellent Hausfrauen, meine Damen! and a mighty pretty trick you have of decking out the food. One always finds you prepared, formed square, and ready to receive cavalry! Here's your health, madame; and yours, my Grace. It's a lucky fellow that will be able to put you at the head of his table. Gad! I wish Ulrich was a few years older, and more worthy of you. I would like a Grace Costello in the family — and Grace Costello you always are to me."

"Thank you a thousand times!" re-

turned his grandniece, laughing; "but you know I must have a British husband."

"Faith, that's just prejudice! There are good fellows everywhere, specially in Austria and Saxony."

"No doubt; but they are better appreciated by their own countrywomen."

"I should like a German husband," said Mab, pausing, with a succulent bone upraised and half-way to her mouth.

"Very well, I'll make a note of it," returned the count gravely. "Have you seen Falkenberg since he returned?" he continued.

"No! I did not know he had come back," said Mrs. Frere.

"He came out to Dalbersdorf late last evening, and did not seem much the brighter for his visit to Dresden. As his leave had not quite expired, we put him up for the night; and I left him there this morning. He is a fine fellow, Wolff von Falkenberg."

"I agree with you, uncle: he is a charming person, and I am sure refined and domestic in his tastes."

"Humph!" said the count, filling his glass; "he is not exactly a home bird, but I believe him to be a man of honor."

"He is always very nice and kind to us," observed Grace, helping her grand-uncle to walnuts.

"And small blame to him. He always says he never knew how good and gracious Englishwomen could be, before."

Then the talk meandered to London and Randal. The count had a fixed idea that Richard Frere was bound to take his dead brother's son in partnership. To give him "a share in the concern," according to his loose notions and phraseology, was no more than placing an additional knife and fork on a plentiful table, and making a member of the family welcome — a view in which Mrs. Frere quite coincided. People in the city just sat on high stools, and wrote cabalistic formulas in big books, which produced money in some occult manner, but at the same time produced meanness and avarice in a truly despicable degree; such was Mrs. Frere's vague impression of "business."

"And now, dear niece," said Count Costello, "will you come with me while there is yet plenty of daylight, to help my ignorance in shopping?"

"May I come too?" asked Mab.

"Yes, if the count permits; and you, Grace?"

"Oh, I shall stay at home; I have not done any of my work to-day. And you

will return here, uncle, before you go back?"

"Yes, dear; I will come and say good-bye."

When the well-assorted trio set out, Grace proceeded to her usual self-imposed task of translating — partly as an exercise, partly in the vague hope of producing something marketable. This sharp, bright February afternoon she sat at her writing-table holding her pen, but lost in thought; her eyes dilated, and gazing far away. It was of course quite natural that Falkenberg should go first to his relations at Dalbersdorf, and yet she felt it augured some change. A month — a week ago, his first visit would have been to her mother and herself. There was nothing to complain of, yet she felt somehow wounded and "*contrarié*." An uneasy sensation, like the breath of a moral east wind, rippled over the current of her thoughts; and while she mused, the object of her reflections opened the door quietly, and walked up to her writing-table.

"Oh, Wolff, you startled me!" she exclaimed, to her own infinite annoyance, using the appellation she was so accustomed to hear.

Falkenberg held out his hand without speaking. He was in his Jäger clothes, and looked very gloomy and colorless.

"My dear Grace! my sweet friend! I have been watching for a chance to find you alone. I have so much to tell you, so much need of your sympathy; and it is a good omen that you greet me by my name — I like to hear you say Wolff."

He threw himself on the sofa as he spoke, and Grace, resuming her seat moved it slightly to face him.

"What is the matter?" she asked kindly, and looking straight at him. "You do not look as if you had enjoyed your visit to Dresden."

"Ach Gott! no; I am doomed to execution."

"What!" cried Grace, alarmed at his tone and looks, "you have not got into serious trouble? You are not going?" — she was about to add, "to leave your regiment," but stopped the words, knowing their terrible significance.

"Going to run away?" cried Falkenberg, laughing, to the confusion of his listener. "No, I am not quite so far gone. I am going to pay my debts after the old Roman fashion, by selling myself."

"Oh!" said Grace, on whom the true state of affairs began to dawn.

"Yes, dear friend," he continued; "I have arranged my affairs, and my cousin Gertrud is good enough to give me the wherewithal to satisfy my creditors — and herself into the bargain."

He looked keenly at Grace as he spoke, as if to see how she took the intelligence. She was not so astonished as he expected her to be, but looked very grave.

"She *is* very good, Herr Hauptmann, and I do hope you will be grateful and kind to her always."

"And is it, then, so great a sacrifice to marry me?" exclaimed Falkenberg, starting up and beginning to pace the room. "Do you not think there are items in the bargain that suit Gertrud as well as her fortune suits me? I will fulfil my part honestly enough: I will make her Baroness Falkenberg, give her the *entrée* of the court circle, give her all the respect and observance due to my wife. It is all she needs; her household cares will fill up any vacuum, and —"

"You ought not to talk like that," interrupted Grace. "Gertrud is very fond of you; if she was not, she could find plenty of barons besides you to make a bargain with. She will give you all her heart — will you give her all yours?"

"Suppose I have none to give," said Falkenberg, stopping suddenly opposite her, and gazing into her eyes.

"Does Gertrud give herself and all she has to you, knowing that you have no heart to bestow?" asked Grace bluntly.

"She knows she has no romantic, impassioned lover in me," returned Falkenberg, resuming his walk to and fro. "She knows that mine has been no saintly life, and she is satisfied to take what is left of it. If she is content, that is enough."

"True," said Grace thoughtfully; "you understand your own lives and their necessities better than any one else, and I heartily wish you may both be happy."

"Is that all?" cried Falkenberg, again pausing for a moment. "Have you no warmer, kinder word for your friend in this hour of — of hopeless defeat?"

Grace was silent, and dreadfully embarrassed.

"You must see and understand all I dare not say. Will you promise still to be my friend — my sympathizing, devoted friend? — I ask nothing that need wound or offend my wife. Ach, du lieber Himmel! must I say 'my wife' to her?" And again throwing himself upon the sofa, Falkenberg hid his face in his hands, and uttered a low groan.

"Pray, pray, Wolff, do not marry if you

feel like this," urged Grace, frightened and horrified at the destiny preparing for poor Gertrud. "Surely you might persuade your creditors to give you time; and my uncle would help you, or— Perhaps I ought not to talk to you like this, but —"

"Yes, yes; talk to me—say anything. I like to hear your voice," said Falkenberg, sitting up and taking her hand in his. "But you make me feel myself a poltroon; I have no right to disturb and distress you. And you little know how much time my creditors have already given me, nor how impossible it is for me, a Saxon soldier, to learn how to make money. No, sweetest friend!—let me have your hand a little moment—marriage with Gertrud is the only solution of my difficulties; and but for one—one great heart-longing, it would be no great sacrifice on my part" ("Ah!" thought Grace, "the Polish countess"), "a longing I must not explain to you. I ask but one consolation, which you only can give me: promise—promise solemnly that nothing shall alter the terms on which we are, that marriage shall make no difference in our friendship, that I shall still be your beloved brother—for you love me, my sweetest sister, do you not?"

"I am indeed your friend," returned Grace, her heart beating quickly, and absolutely alarmed at his vehemence, "and I do not change to my friends; but, Herr von Falkenberg, I think you are not quite like yourself. I wish you would go away and think quietly over things; and," resolutely, "you must and shall let go my hand!"

"Gott!" cried Falkenberg, releasing it, "you are colder and harder than I thought. But remember, you will make things better and happier for me, for Gertrud, for yourself, if you continue my friend. I *will* leave you, but will come again in the evening to see your kind lady mother. Let us meet as usual." He seized her hand, and kissing it, exclaimed, "Farewell, my beloved, most beloved sister!" The next instant he had shut the outer door violently behind him.

When he was clean gone Grace sat down again at her writing-table, resting her elbow upon it and her cheek on her hand; she thought long and painfully of the conversation, while the quick beating of her heart gradually slackened, and her pulse resumed its ordinary measure.

First she was very, very sorry for Falkenberg, but even still more vexed with him; his conduct was selfish and unprin-

cipled; he had no right to drag Gertrud into the misery of a loveless marriage for the sake of paying his debts, though she admitted his position was a difficult one. He was somehow degraded in her estimation, and she was vexed with herself for the sort of regret she could not help feeling, as she thought that the pleasant piquant friendship so flattering to her vanity must come to an end, for her unsentimental rectitude and common sense told her it would be impossible, or ought to be, with a married man; and then, though alone, the color came slowly back to her cheek as the true meaning of Falkenberg's passionate promise, "to be always master of himself," flashed across her mind. Did he then presume to imply that his feelings for her would need mastery? He had dared to adopt an almost threatening tone, when he assured her it would be better, "for Gertrud, for herself," if she continued the friendship which she knew and now confessed to herself was love thinly veiled. To what double-faced treachery did he wish to commit her? She would have none of it. Falkenberg was a charming companion, a most attractive man; but he had displayed the ugliness of his moral mechanism, and she was revolted, though she felt keenly what a loss he would be to the every-day pleasantness of her life, and how difficult, too, to disengage herself from the sort of mesh he had contrived to weave round her. If she drew back too suddenly, with what cutting though veiled scorn he would suggest that her friendship was only for the unmarried and unengaged, insinuating that English sentiment required stronger and coarser aliment than Teutonic! If she ventured to check the warmth of his manner and language, how sneeringly he would assure her that she was crying out before she was hurt, that only the matter-of-fact British nature would so mistake the pure glow of German brotherliness!

"After all," she mused on, "Max is more honest and real than Wolff. I suppose all sensible, ambitious men consider mere love marriages folly and weakness; yet how dreary marriage must be without love. Max was fond of me once. Yes, I feel—I know that." A faintly triumphant smile played round her lips at the memories his name evoked. "But it was only the pastime of an idle hour. Nor do I see how I was to avoid believing it a great lasting reality. How contemptible such credulity must seem to men like Max! Yet there are women who attract

to themselves lifelong devotion and tenderness; I wonder how — by some quality in themselves? If so, what a gift! To be truly, fondly, deeply loved — to dare to love with one's whole heart utterly, trustfully in return! Heigho! there is no use thinking of such things; it is too great conceit to fancy any one would ever sacrifice anything for me. I am evidently not one of the soul-subduing order of women; but I hope, for all that, there are stronger, braver, truer men to be found than Max Frere and Wolff von Falkenberg! What fine eyes Max has! he is much — much better-looking than Wolff."

And then she resolutely turned to her writing.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LATIN LESSON: BOY AND GIRL.

Tommy. Isn't this a ripping place? It seems to me as if the downs were like great green waves, rolling along and swelling bigger and bigger; and here we are, you and I, up on the very top of the biggest wave of all, which hangs here forever, as if it would plunge down the next moment and swamp the real old sea.

Sybil. What nonsense you do talk, Tommy! Come; it's quite time I began my lesson. What's this book, which you say I can read?

T. The Anthology.

S. The what?

T. The Anthologia Latina.

S. What's that?

T. Oh, I don't know; it's a sort of collection. It's good for girls, because it leaves out the bad things.

S. But I want to read what boys read.

T. You can't, you know. We have to read awfully improper things at school.

S. I don't see why it is good for you to read things which it isn't good for me to read. I don't see why girls should be different from boys.

T. I don't see why either. I suppose it's best. I think I am glad you are different.

S. Do let us begin. You are so idle.

T. It's so awfully jolly doing nothing up here. I should like to lie here forever on this nice short grass and stare at the sea. Isn't the sea dazzling in the sunlight? It looks like millions of penknives.

S. Penknives! It's like diamonds.

T. Should you like to have millions of diamonds? I wish I were a fellow in the

"Arabian Nights," and I would give 'em to you.

S. I don't wish for anything so silly. Do sit up, and let us begin.

T. Oh, very well. Here you are; I picked out this for you to read. It's all correct; it's about the death of a sparrow.

S. Well?

T. Well — I say, Sybil, I wish the brim of your hat was a little wider.

S. Why?

T. Because, as we have got to look over the same book, it would be jolly to sit in the shade of the same hat. We should be like Paul and Virginia.

S. Who were they?

T. They were young people who were in love with each other — in an opera, or something.

S. How silly! Come now; do begin.

T. You must begin; see if you can translate it. I've got a stunning translation of it in my pocket, which my tutor made.

S. "Lament, O —"

T. "Venuses and Cupids —"

S. But there was only one Venus.

T. Oh, that don't matter. It's a sort of poetic license; they have to make it scan, you know. I can't make out the next line; and I can't make out my tutor's translation of it: but it don't matter; it's only a fill-up. Go on at *passer*.

S. — The sparrow of my girl is dead,
The sparrow — *delicia* —

T. (*reads from his tutor's translation*):

The sparrow of my dearest girl is dead,
The sparrow, darling of my dear, is dead,
Whom more than her own eyes she loved so;
For he was honey-voiced, and he would know
His mistress, as a girl her mother dear;
Nor from her gentle bosom would he go,
But hopping round about, now there, now here,
He piped to her alone most sweet and clear.

S. There's nothing about "sweet and clear" in the Latin.

T. You are so awfully particular, Sybil. I wish it wasn't all about a sparrow. I don't care for sparrows. Ah! look at that lark. He got up quite close to us. Phew! doesn't he jump? What great leaps he goes up in! Mustn't he be tremendously happy? Fancy being able to go like that, and having wind enough to sing all the time!

S. I wish you wouldn't let your eyes wander all over the country. If you don't keep them on the book we shall never get on.

T. All right. This other's a jolly one — this one — "To Lesbia."

S. Who was Lesbia?

T. She was the girl who had the sparrow; he was in love with her: but you had better not think of her. I believe she wasn't at all a good sort.

S. What a pity!

T. She made him awfully unhappy.

S. It was his own fault. I can't think why people fall in love.

T. Of course it's awfully silly to fall in love.

S. I think it's horrid.

T. People say that a man and a woman can't be friends, because one of them is sure to fall in love.

S. That must be nonsense. Look at you and me! We have been friends for ever so long.

T. Yes; and do you know, Sybil, I'd rather you were my friend than any fellow I know.

S. It seems very hard, this "To Lesbia." What's the meaning of *basiatio*-*nes*?

T. I think it means "kisses."

S. Oh!

T. "You ask how many of your kisses, Lesbia, are enough and more than enough for me. As great as is the number of Lybian sand in spice-bearing Cyrenæ, between the oracle of — something — Jove and the sepulchre of old Battus, or as many as are the stars that —"

S. Oh, we won't go on with that. Poets are always so silly when they begin to talk about those things. I do wish you would finish one thing before you begin another; you —

T. "It's good to be off with the old love before you are on with the new —"

S. Tommy!

T. All right. I'll attend awfully well now. Go on; see if you can do it. Go on with the Spadger.

S. "Who now goes through the way — *tenebricosum*?"

T. "Full of shadows."

S. "Thither, whence they refuse anybody to return."

T. That's right. You really do know a lot of Latin. I say, do you think that Clara could be friends with a chap without trying to make him in love with her? Clara isn't a bit like you.

S. Clara is very pretty.

T. Do you think she is prettier than Marion?

S. Clara is prettiest; but Marion has so much character.

T. Marion could be friends with a boy.

S. Friends with a boy! What an expression! What bad English you do talk!

T. I always do when I am happy. One can't be jolly grammatically. I think Marion doesn't care about boys.

S. Indeed? Suppose we go on with our sparrow.

T. I should like her to like me.

S. Oh! What is the meaning of *Orci*?

T. *Orci*! Let me see the book. Oh, *Orcus* is — at least it isn't really what we mean when we — I'll see how my tutor puts it. Ah!

Ill hap befall ye, shades of grim despair,
Who glut yourselves with all things that are fair!

Ah! he shirks the difficulty; it's just like him.

S. You surely don't think Marion pretty, do you?

T. I don't know.

S. You must have very funny taste if you do. Now, Clara is pretty, if you like.

T. Yes: isn't Clara pretty? My word! isn't she pretty?

S. Yes; of course she's pretty.

T. What are you staring out to sea like that for? Are you looking at that sail?

S. I was thinking that some friend might be on board that ship. How strange it would be! Fancy if Mr. Redgrave were coming home on that ship!

T. Redgrave! What on earth makes you think of that old chappy?

S. How ridiculous you are, Tommy! He isn't a bit old; and I think he's very handsome.

T. He's a jolly old humbug. When he's playing tennis with me, he's as lively as possible; but when he's with the women, he looks sentimental, and makes eyes; and as for his not being old, he must be thirty if he's a day.

S. That I am sure he can't be. I am sure he is quite young. Of course he isn't a boy.

T. Well, I don't mind being a boy. I wouldn't be a man for anything; and if I was, I wouldn't be a flirt.

S. Don't be horrid, Tommy. Poor Mr. Redgrave has been very unhappy. That is what makes him look like that. He was in love with the most beautiful lady in the world; and she was very cruel, and married a millionaire or something.

T. I don't see anything cruel in marrying a millionaire or something. He told you all this precious story, did he?

S. No; Aunt Adelaide told me that: but he told me —

T. What did *he* tell you?

S. Oh, it was one day when he was laughing with Aunt Adelaide about women; and he turned to me and said with a melancholy smile —

T. I know it. Like this!

S. Not a bit like that. He said with a very sweet and melancholy smile, that I must take care not to be a flirt, because some day I might do a great deal of mischief; and that women ought to try to do good to people, and not harm.

T. Some day! That means when you are a young lady. I know I sha'n't like you when you are a young lady. I hate young ladies.

S. Marion is almost a young lady.

T. Ah, but she's different.

S. It's ridiculous of you to say that Marion's pretty.

T. I never said she was pretty. I said that she wasn't as pretty as Clara.

S. You are a horrid, disagreeable boy, any way. You have always made such a pretence of —

T. Of what?

S. Of thinking me your very best friend.

T. Then why do you go talking about that old Redgrave?

S. You are very disagreeable; and I shall go home.

T. No, no; don't go. It's so jolly here. Let's solemnly promise to be each other's very best friend.

S. Till when?

T. Forever and ever.

S. I should like to show these stupid people that a man and a woman can be friends without caring about each other one bit!

T. Ye-es. Only I don't know what you'll be like, when you are a young lady.

S. I sha'n't be that for ever so long. I don't think I shall be old, or begin to think that I am old, till I am twenty.

T. I am afraid you will be awfully pretty when you are a young lady.

S. Don't be silly, Tommy.

T. Any way, you'll like me better than old Redgrave?

S. Of course. And you'll like me better than Marion?

T. Yes.

S. And Clara?

T. Ever so much better than Clara.

S. Very well, then.

T. What do you mean by "Very well, then"?

S. That is settled; and now I can go on with my lesson.

T. But we've almost polished off poor Mr. Sparrow.

S. What a way to talk!

T. It don't do for a girl. You have to say "prunes" and "precision" all day to make your mouth pretty.

S. Tommy, you are exceedingly silly; and it's better to say "prunes" than to chew grass; and if you ain't going to look at the book instead of staring out to sea, I shall go home.

T. All right, Sybil. We'll do him up in less than a jiffy out of my tutor's translation. Here you are:—

Ill hap befall ye, shades of grim despair,
Who glut yourselves with all things that are fair!

How fair the little bird ye reft from me!
O deed ill done! Poor little bird, for thee—
For thy dear sake my girl's sweet eyes are red,
And swollen all with tears that thou art dead!

By George, it is most awfully touching! isn't it, Sybil? Fancy how long ago the poor little beast died, and here we are still sorry!

S. "Little beast!"

T. Oh, look! far away across the sea do you see that tiny little sail? Fancy if it was my ship coming in!

S. You are the strangest boy.

T. Shouldn't I just like to have a ship? I wish it was ever so long ago; and that I might sail away and fight a Spaniard.

S. I should like to know what the Spaniards have ever done to you, that you should want to fight them.

T. I don't know; but I'm sure it would be jolly good fun to fight a Spaniard.

S. That is so like a boy. Perhaps you would never come back —

T. No more! Oh yes, I should turn up; and I'd bring you back a jolly lot of things too — a ship full of apes and —

S. Tommy!

T. Oh, apes are a detail: they come in with ivory, and peacocks, and all sorts of stunning things; and diamonds from the diamond fields; and silver from the silver mountains; and gold dust from the golden rivers; and parrots and paroquets, and a Red Indian princess in feathers, and —

S. Tommy, how can you be so ridiculous?

T. You wait till I do it. I'll just go back to school next half to get a little more football, and then I'm off; and I'll bring you back a hundred ostrich-tails to put on your head when you go to Court; and I'll have a beard down to my waist;

and I'll kill sparrows on the wing with a pistol in either hand you like; and I'll marry you, and the Indian princess will die of jealousy, and —

S. Tommy! I think you are going mad. It must be the sun.

T. Not very mad.

S. Then don't talk any more nonsense. It's quite time to go home.

T. Home's the word; and I'll carry the book. Poor Master Sparrow. "*Lugete, o Venere Cupidinesque!*"

From The Saturday Review.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

THE researches, published two years ago, of Professor Klebs of Prag, and Professor Tommasi-Crudeli of Rome, on the nature and origin of malarious fever have not only proved of importance in the development of the germ-theory of disease, but suggest historical questions of the greatest interest, towards the solution of which some steps have already been taken. In the current number of the *Practitioner* there is a most instructive paper by Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, summing up the results of former publications on the nature of the microscopic plant by which malaria is produced, and discussing more fully the historical side of the matter. How is it that the Campagna, now so deserted, was once populous? How is it that it was not merely inhabited by people who could live nowhere else, but that it was studded with the villas of wealthy Roman proprietors, who chose for their places of recreation spots now shunned as the worst haunts of disease? The question has often been asked, but till lately no answer has been offered which rested on any basis of fact or science. The answers were all guesses, because they were made, first, in ignorance of the true nature of the disease itself against which the ancient inhabitants of the Campagna contrived to struggle with success, and, secondly, before any sufficient excavations had been made to show whether, as has been conjectured, there was in old times a complete system of drainage of which the outward traces are now lost. The transfer of the seat of government from Florence to Rome, and the consequent extension and partial rebuilding of the new capital, have caused many new excavations to be made inside the city itself. Outside the walls the

same thing has happened. Many of the landed proprietors are now busy on improvements, in the course of which new facts as to the soil and drainage of the Campagna have come to light; and, besides this, various excavations have been undertaken with the direct object of solving a problem which has now a practical as well as an archaeological interest. If the Campagna was habitable and fertile in the days of the Romans, there is hope that it may be made so again. The economic gain to Italy, could this be done, would be enormous, not only from the vast spaces which would then be reclaimed to cultivation, but from the thousands of human lives saved from death or permanent enfeeblement. Malaria is often fatal; but even a slight attack, as any one who has suffered from it knows to his cost, may be for years a serious injury to the constitution, and may diminish by a heavy percentage, even when a man looks outwardly healthy, his number of working days throughout the year.

The researches of Professor Klebs and Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, now generally accepted by the medical profession, established that malaria is due to a specific microscopic plant which exists in the soil of certain districts and floats in the atmosphere above it. This plant, when inhaled and absorbed, finds in the human body conditions favorable for its growth and reproduction, and it prospers and multiplies at the expense of the organism in which it dwells. The mode of combating it is twofold — first, to find suitable and, if possible, inexpensive remedies for it and prophylactics against it; and secondly, to prevent, if possible, its generation and multiplication in the soil itself. The conditions necessary for its development have been found to be, — first, a temperature of not less than 60° to 70° Fahrenheit; secondly, a moderate, but not excessive, degree of permanent humidity; and, thirdly, a free supply of oxygen. "The absence of any one of these three conditions is sufficient to arrest or render impossible the development and multiplication of this organism." It is necessary to clear our minds from the old prejudice that malaria exists only, or even chiefly, in marshy soil. The Campagna, as it happens, is not really marshy. Professor Tommasi-Crudeli is of opinion that, speaking roughly, two-thirds of the malaria-stricken districts in Italy are situated on heights. "Sometimes," he says, "the surface of these districts is completely dry during summer, but the production of

malaria in them goes on just the same, provided they are kept moist below the surface by special conditions of the subsoil, and the air can reach the moist strata by pores or crevices in the surface. This is precisely the condition of the greater part of the rising grounds in the Campagna of Rome." Further, the direct action of the oxygen of the air is so necessary to the development of the plant that the most pestilential marshes become innocuous when the soil is *completely* covered by water. Pavements, buildings, and the like, may act in the same way and arrest the development of the plant by cutting off the necessary supply of oxygen. But if, even after the lapse of years or of centuries, communication with the outer air is restored, while the other conditions remain the same, the soil recovers its noxious properties. Again, a very moderate amount of moisture suffices to evoke malaria, when other conditions are favorable, as is shown by the fact that malarious districts may be safely inhabited during a very hot and dry summer, but that the first shower of rain is followed by an outbreak of the disease. Here, in fact, lies the practical knot of the question. If a large, instead of only a small, amount of water were requisite for the development of these germs, the problem would be comparatively simple, for any ordinary system of drainage would meet the case. "Neither hygienists," says Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, "nor engineers have as yet faced the problem from this point of view; for all medical schools are still dominated by the paludine prejudice, namely, by the idea that malaria is produced exclusively in marshes or in localities analogous to marshes. The natural consequence of this prejudice has been the concentration of the attention of those who have tried to hinder the production of malaria upon marshy localities. They have completely ignored, or at most have hardly recognized, the most important part of the problem of disinfection — namely, the disinfection of malarial districts which are not, and never have been, marshy."

The Roman Campagna, which, when seen from a distance, presents the appearance of a vast level expanse, is in fact, as those who have walked or driven over it will remember, very far from being a plain. It consists, on the contrary, of a series of undulations, some of them of considerable height. Though the annual rainfall is inconsiderable, it is a curious fact that this district is remarkably rich

in springs and ponds of water, which do not disappear even in the dry and arid Roman summer. From what source, then, are these supplied? The conclusion at which the writer, with others who have studied the problem, has arrived, is as follows. The old volcanic craters which rise above the Campagna on both sides of the Tiber are now either lakes — as for example, the lakes of Bracciano and Baccano on the north of the Tiber, and of Albano and Nemi on the south — or else they form close basins, such as the old Lake Regillus, the valley where Aricia once stood, and the valley of the Molara in the Latian hills. The lakes are some of them very deep, and the downward pressure which they exercise must be enormous. The water which accumulates in them, having no other outlet, or no sufficient outlet, filters gradually down through the subsoil of the district (much of which is of such a nature that it readily allows of the passage of water through it), thus moistening the whole of it, and accumulating in greater quantities here and there, according to the character and disposition of the strata through which it passes. It is this water permeating the whole subsoil of the Campagna, by which these perennial springs and ponds are fed. Now for a long time past, when excavations have been made in the volcanic tufa of the Campagna, small tunnels, about five feet high and one foot eight inches broad, have been met with. The common opinion has been that these tunnels were used as conduits for drinking-water. The most recent view, taken by the writer above quoted, is that they have nothing to do with conduits or cisterns or sewers, but that they are remains of an extensive system of drainage.

We cannot enter into a full description of this system of tunnelling, but must refer our readers for details to the essay in the *Practitioner*. These tunnels, with their smaller branches and connections, have now been found in so many parts of the Campagna and of Rome itself, their position and arrangement are so precisely adapted for purposes of draining, and there is so much in their construction that is inexplicable on any other hypothesis, that the truth of the drainage theory may be safely assumed, at all events provisionally, as the basis for further and closer investigation. In some of these subterranean passages the picks used by the miners have been found, and a cramp, probably used to hang the workman's lamp upon. "On the walls and vault of

these tunnels the volcanic strata are quite exposed, and one could count the strokes of the pick upon them, as if the work had been finished yesterday." The extensive excavations made in the construction of the new fortifications of Rome have offered increased opportunity for studying these remarkable remains. Where the permeable nature of the subsoil renders these drainage tunnels superfluous they are not found. "We often find several networks of tunnels superposed, so that the hill is perforated like a bee-hive through its whole height. The Aventine, for instance, is perforated by four strata of these networks below the Church of Santa Sabina. On the Quirinal, under the foundations of the new war offices, two strata have quite recently been found, one at a depth of thirty-three and another of fifty-six and one-half feet. Sometimes the different strata communicate with one another by means of several vertical walls, and the inclines of the upper strata are calculated so as to throw the drainage waters into the stratum below. The majority of these drains run entirely underground. It is very rarely that we happen to see a gallery destined exclusively to receive the direct drainage of the vegetal soil. More often we meet with galleries whose general course is subterranean, but from which several branches rise above the surface of the subsoil and drain the vegetal soil directly."

Two questions naturally suggest themselves in reference to this investigation. First, what is the date of this vast and complicated system of drainage? and, secondly, how is it that ancient writers are silent about it? The probable answer is that it was a phenomenon so familiar that for that very reason it passed unmentioned. The fact, also, that both Livy and Cæsar, who, when they describe siege operations, enter frequently into the minutest details, are content to say simply that a mine or tunnel was made, is significant, and seems to show that tunnelling was a process understood by every reader, and requiring no explanation. Further researches are necessary before even an approximate date can be assigned to these works; but the silence of the historians makes it probable that they are of the greatest antiquity. For there is not even a tradition on record as to when or by whom they were made. It can hardly be supposed that, had the drainage of the Campagna been carried out within human memory, so remarkable an undertaking would be passed over

without any mention whatever being made of it. It seems, therefore, not unlikely that the aptitude for operations of this kind which characterized the Roman people, and which still, curiously enough, is to this day possessed by the Roman workman, should have been acquired in prehistoric times. Whether, again, the works were undertaken primarily for agricultural purposes is a question to which it is hard to give any definite reply. But it is evident that, if not intended for, they answered, hygienic ends. We are now, however, only on the threshold of an inquiry as interesting on its historical as on its scientific side. It is one on which more light will be thrown every year, now that the start has been made. Though the solution of the question is of infinitely more practical importance to the Italians than to any other people, we trust that English archæologists may help to throw light on the many interesting and obscure points in which this investigation abounds.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE REGIMENTAL DOG.

THE outward aspect of a huge body of French troops is something very different now from what it was in the days before 1870, when the sober uniformity of the infantry of the line was varied by the gaudy picturesqueness of Zouaves and Turcos; when Lancers and Guides, not to mention the Cent Gardes who formed the emperor's personal escort, had not yet been excluded from the cavalry. There was at that time, moreover, a Guard, which, when the French army was reorganized on a simpler system even than that of its Prussian model, was not constituted anew. There is still some little variety in the cavalry. But the infantry regiments are all of one pattern; and the last touch of character that belonged to them has been removed by the suppression of regimental dogs. Many of the changes introduced into the French army have been due to a newly developed passion for simplicity and utility. The drum, in spite of the "spirit-stirring" qualities attributed to it by Othello, has been discovered to be valueless. It has been found, too, that bands in cavalry regiments are not worth supporting; and the minister of war has now come to the conclusion that the regimental dog — unlike the Shakespearian cat — is neither "harmless" nor "necessary." He has accord-

ingly been suppressed; and the regiments and battalions of the French army will in future be dogless. The reasons given by General Farre for dispensing henceforth with the services of dogs—which seem of late years to have filled the ornamental part played in Napoleon's time by the drum-major—are of several kinds. They quarrel among themselves when several regiments or battalions are, with their dogs, brought together; and on one occasion, when an inspector-general of troops entered a barrack-yard in plain clothes, a regimental dog, mistaking the gallant officer for a civilian, attacked him and bit his calves. Not only military spirit, but also and above all *esprit de corps*, is strongly developed in the breasts of these animals; and the combativeness with which General Farre reproaches them arises from a feeling of honorable emulation, and from a desire on the part of each dog to remain with the particular body of troops to which he happens to be attached.

The soldiers are said to have felt great pain at being separated from their canine pets, many of whom have in days gone by shared with their human comrades the perils of actual combat; while some of them are remembered as having behaved with distinguished gallantry before the enemy—not, it is true, in the way of direct attack, but rather of succor given or brought to wounded friends. Thus one regimental dog is reported to have attracted the attention of a *vivandière* to the condition of a wounded officer who was in urgent need of help. The dogs, on their side, are highly dissatisfied with the decree issued against them by General Farre. These victims of compulsory retirement have for the most part been accommodated with new quarters in the houses of officers living away from the barracks, where, however, they find it as difficult to support the monotony and restraints of civil life as does Marie in "The Daughter of the Regiment," when, claimed by her relatives, she is forced to replace the military tunic of the *cantinière* by the flowing skirts of the young lady. As the martial ardor of the daughter of the regiment is awakened in overpowering force by the sight of her friend the corporal, so the military enthusiasm of the regimental dog is called forth first by the music of the band as the regiment passes his master's house, and afterwards, when he rushes headlong to the street, by the regiment itself. Independently, too, of these active provocations the poor

beast will of its own accord find its way back to the barrack-yard, where its friends the soldiers would gladly keep it, but by superior orders they are obliged to drive it forth.

In the matter of dogs, as in that of Lancers, a corps of Guards, and other minor points, the French have outstripped the nation with which in military matters they had resolved to keep pace, and whose military organization they have so closely imitated. Dogs are tolerated in German regiments, though they are usually the property of officers, who are naturally responsible for their good behavior. At least one German regiment, moreover, belonging to the First or East Prussian Army Corps, used during the war of 1870-71, to be preceded, whenever the band accompanied it, by a dog of solemn and shaggy appearance, who dragged the big drum after him. This strange animal, however, had not been recruited in the ordinary manner; and at that time he already seemed to have seen enough service to entitle him to honorable retirement. He had begun his military career in the service of Austria, where the big drum was in his time harnessed to a moderately-sized dog in every military band; and he was captured by the East Prussian regiment at the battle of Sadowa. Perhaps because dogs form no recognized part of the Prussian military forces he had never been exchanged; though it is difficult to understand on what principle he could have been compelled, after the cessation of hostilities, to remain in the ranks of the enemy. This dog, in any case, marched with the troops of General Manteuffel from the east of Prussia to the west coast of France; and if he is now dead he has in all probability had a monument erected to his memory.

The subject of regimental dogs has employed the talents both of a painter and of a librettist. Horace Vernet painted in 1819 a picture for the Duke de Berry, in which a noble but unfortunate dog, wounded by a bullet in the head, and with one foot crushed, has succeeded in dragging himself up for assistance to two drummers of the same corps, one of whom at once bathes the animal's wounds while the other, overwhelmed with emotion, lavishes caresses upon the favorite. This work, of which an engraving was made, attained great popularity in France, as well on account of its touching subject as of the masterly style in which it was executed. The opera of "*Le Chien du Régiment*," with music by Romagnesi

and words by Carnot, abounds in praises of a dog which, born in Egypt, comes to Europe and joins the French army, following it in its campaigns all over Europe.

In England we have regiments which are accompanied by various animals—in one case by a goat, in another by a deer. It is hard to understand what harm can be done by keeping these favorites, who eat but little, who can scarcely be supposed to distract the attention of the soldier from serious duties, and who afford him a certain amount of innocent amusement when his labors are at an end. There was a time when the services of dogs were turned to effective account in battle. They were used before the action to track the enemy, and at the moment of engagement were suddenly let loose in whole packs to spring at the necks of the leading men. To "let slip the dogs of war" was far from being a mere figure of speech. At the Capitol of Rome a garrison of dogs was kept as well as the famous one of geese. But here they did not acquit themselves of their sentry duty in so creditable a manner as the too notorious geese, and at the time of the invasion of the Gauls slept at their posts. The Romans also formed dogs into bodies for purposes of attack, and one commander used to place them as sentinels outside his camp. Ever since then the dog has, in different quarters of the world, taken part in military affairs. But as a warrior he has now "had his day."

From The London Times.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IN AFRICA.

M. PINCHARD, an intelligent traveller in the interests of commerce, has just returned from an important journey to Shoa and the Aroussis in the Galla country in north-east Africa. The purpose of his journey was simply to find the shortest route which leads from Harar to the Aroussis, of getting a knowledge of the commerce of the neighboring countries, of becoming acquainted with the chiefs of the different countries, and of opening up a new route for French commerce. M. Pinchard was sent out at the expense of a large Lyons house. He set out in May, 1879, and only a few days ago reached

Cairo. Landing at Zeila, M. Pinchard formed his caravan, and set out for Harar, on the Egyptian frontier. From Harar he reached the Avash, which ascends to Runni, in the territory of the king of Shoa; from Runni the caravan proceeded to Ankoher, the capital of Shoa. All the country between Runni and Ankoher presents little agricultural or commercial interest; it is, however, well-wooded, and the surface in many places gives signs of coal, peat, and anthracite. M. Pinchard had a magnificent reception from the king of Shoa, and after a stay of a month he formed a new caravan. From Menelik he received a passport, which permitted him to requisition five hundred rations of bread per day, nine head of cattle, hydromel (a sort of beer), butter, and everything necessary for supporting himself and his following; more than sixty beggars followed the caravan and were fed with the scraps. At Finfiny, the last town in Shoa, in the country of the Gallas, near the frontier of Kaffa, the torrential rains compelled M. Pinchard to remain five months and a half. After this, he went to Syrss, five days' journey from Finfiny, where the queen of Kaffa, her Majesty Tootty, received him with royal hospitality. After a stay of three weeks, M. Pinchard set out for the country of the Aroussis. On his route he found the country cut by numerous streams, perfectly cultivated and sown with wheat, maize, soyho, linuts, pimento, etc. Over all the route there is abundance of game—lions, black panthers, antelopes, gazelles, buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, and many kinds of birds. The population he found agreeable, hospitable, and loyal. By the chief of the Aroussis M. Pinchard was hospitably received; he promised to combine with the other chiefs to facilitate trade between his own country and Obowa, on the Egyptian frontier. He professed to be anxious to enter into commercial relations with Europeans, his country offering, in exchange for European goods, coffee, ivory, gold-dust, and precious stones. M. Pinchard returned to Harar in thirty-four days, but he calculates that the routes he traversed could be done in much less time by well-organized caravans. M. Pinchard met several Frenchmen on his route carrying on an active traffic with the natives.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DESPAIR.

A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

I.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there
looking over the sand?
Follow'd us too that night, and dogg'd us, and
drew me to land?

II.

What did I feel that night? You are curious.
How should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I felt? You
rescued me—yet—was it well
That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between
me and the deep and my doom
Three days since, three more dark days of the
Godless gloom
Of a life without sun, without health, without
hope, without any delight
In anything here upon earth? but ah God, that
night, that night
When the rolling eyes of the light-house there
on the fatal neck
Of land running out into rock—they had saved
many hundreds from wreck—
Glared on our way toward death, I remember
I thought as we past
Does it matter how many they saved? we are
all of us wreck'd at last—
"Do you fear," and there came thro' the roar
of the breaker a whisper, a breath,
"Fear? am I not with you? I am frighted at
life, not death."

III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled
and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew
that their light was a lie—
Bright as with deathless hope—but, however
they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them
were worlds of woe like our own—
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the
earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation
and woe.

IV.

See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of
your fatalist creed,
And we turned to the growing dawn, we had
hoped for a dawn indeed,
When the light of a Sun that was coming
would scatter the ghosts of the Past,
And the cramping creeds that had madden'd
the peoples would vanish at last,
And we broke away from the Christ, our hu-
man brother and friend,
For he spoke, or it seem'd that he spoke, of a
Hell without help, without end.

V.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise
had faded away;
We had past from a cheerless night to the glare
of a drearier day;
He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once
a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the
shadow of its desire—
Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak
trodden down by the strong,
Of a dying worm in a world, all massacre,
murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that
lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not
that which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would
be heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—
and to die with the brute—

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity: I know
you of old—
Small pity for those that have ranged from the
narrow warmth of your fold
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith
and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the
human heart, and the Age.

VIII.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in
her and in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God
that should be!
Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot
power,
And pity for our own selves on an earth that
bore not a flower;
Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the
deep,
And pity for our own selves till we long'd for
eternal sleep.

IX.

"Lightly step over the sands! the waters—
you hear them call!
Life with its anguish, and horrors, and errors
—away with it all!"
And she laid her hand in my own—she was
always loyal and sweet—
Till the points of the foam in the dusk came
playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would sweep us
out to the main.
"Ah God," tho' I felt as I spoke I was taking
the name in vain—
"Ah God," and we turn'd to each other, we
kiss'd, we embraced, she and I,
Knowing the Love we were used to believe
everlasting would die:
We had read their know-nothing books and
we lean'd to the darker side—
Ah God, should we find him, perhaps, per-
haps, if we died, if we died;

We never had found Him on earth, this earth
is a fatherless Hell—
“Dear Love, forever and ever, forever and
ever farewell,”
Never a cry so desolate, not since the world
began!
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming
of man.

X.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you
saved me, a valueless life.
Not a grain of gratitude mine! You have
parted the man from the wife.
I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in
the sea,
If a curse meant ought, I would curse you for
not having let me be.

XI.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk
with the water, it seems;
I had past into perfect quiet at length out of
pleasant dreams,
And the transient trouble of drowning—what
was it when match'd with the pains
Of the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing
back thro' the veins?

XII.

Why should I live? one son had forged on his
father and fled,
And if I believed in a God, I would thank him,
the other is dead,
And there was a baby girl, that had never
look'd on the light:
Happiest she of us all, for she past from the
night to the night.

XIII.

But the crime, if a crime, of her eldest-born,
her glory, her boast,
Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother,
and broke it almost;
Tho', name and fame dying out forever in end-
less time,
Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a
virtue, or hang'd for a crime?

XIV.

And ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood there,
naked, amazed
In a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself
turning crazed,
And I would not be mock'd in a madhouse!
and she, the delicate wife,
With a grief that could only be cured, if cured,
by the surgeon's knife,—

XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture,
a moment of pain
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in
vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be
wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,

When the worm shall have writhed its last, and
its last brother worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the
rocks of an earth that is dead?

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infi-
del writings? O yes,
For these are the new dark ages, you see, of
the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the
owls are whooping at noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and
crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are
both of them turn'd into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running
after a shadow of good;
For their knowing and know-nothing books
are scatter'd from hand to hand—
We have knelt in your know-all chapel too
looking over the sand.

XVII.

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that
has served us so well?
Infinite wickedness rather that made everlast-
ing Hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does
what he will with his own;
Better our dead brute mother who has never
heard us groan!

XVIII.

Hell? if the souls of men were immortal, as
men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the
miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were Hell forever! but were
there a God as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell till it
utterly vanish'd away.

XIX.

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times,
in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great
God for aught that I know;
But the God of Love and of Hell together—
they cannot be thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great God
curse him and bring him to nought!

XX.

Blasphemy! whose is the fault? is it mine?
for why would you save
A madman to vex you with wretched words,
who is best in his grave?
Blasphemy! ay, why not, being damn'd beyond
hope of grace?
O would I were yonder with her, and away
from your faith and your face!
Blasphemy! true! I have scared you pale with
my scandalous talk,
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the
way that you walk.

XXI.

Hence! she is gone! can I stay? can I breathe
divorced from the Past?
You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do
not escape you at last.

Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a
felo-de-se,
And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you
will, does it matter to me?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EFFECTS OF SNOW IN OCTOBER. — A Surrey physician writes to the *Journal of Horticulture*: "In the wooded district from which I write, at an altitude of from five to eight hundred feet above the sea, we could look down, on the afternoon of October 19, 1880, upon the broad expanse of the Wealds of Surrey and Sussex covered with oak-trees and pastures. Everything was green and summer-like, for none of the leaves had fallen or even changed color. The next morning all this was hidden in snow, which was still falling thickly, and with us attained a depth, in places where it had not drifted, of three inches. Throughout the day the ominous creaking and crashing on all sides of us told of the splitting and fall of many a heavy branch, dismembering and disfiguring forever the tree to which it belonged. The oaks were the chief, if not the only sufferers. Heavily laden already with foliage and a more than usually great crop of acorns, the further weight of three inches of snow, which clung tenaciously to the whole surface of the trees, became to them much more than the last straw upon the camel's back. Sturdy branches that looked the type of strength and endurance were broken, twisted, and borne to the ground, much as some delicate plant might have been. The oaks that were most injured were the broad-spreading, symmetrical trees. One such tree, an object of interest, almost of affection to us all, is so crumpled and crushed that it looks as if some giant of our childhood days, all too heavy, had sat down upon it. We can now only hope that what our trees have lost in symmetry they will gain in picturesque effect. Elm-trees have lost a few branches, ash-trees still fewer, and beeches, of which there are some fine specimens about here, are unscathed. With regard to conifers, although there are great numbers of Scotch firs and larch near us, I have not observed that they are damaged, and the same may be said of many other kinds of conifers which are used for the decoration of lawns and grounds. Within twenty-four hours from the commencement of its fall the snow was in great measure gone, and the earth again looked green, in remarkable contrast with its recent appearance. It has been stated that fifty years have elapsed since the occurrence of a heavy fall of snow in October in the south of England; but I am informed by a friend that many oaks and other trees in this neighborhood were greatly injured, whilst still in full leaf, by a heavy snowfall only twenty years ago. It was interesting to observe how completely surprised the swallows must have

been by the snow. I saw several of these birds skimming the snow over and over again in a vain search, I presume, for insects. The next day not one of the birds was to be seen, so little preparation in the way of arranging was necessary previous to their departure for the season to a warmer climate."

SOME interesting facts are brought out in a paper by M. C. Nielsen of Christiania on the impression produced upon animals by the resonance of the vibration of telegraph wires. It is found that the black and green woodpeckers, for example, which hunt for insects in the bark and in the heart of decaying trees, often peck inside the circular hole made transversely through telegraph posts, generally near the top. The phenomenon is attributed to the resonance produced in the post by the vibration of the wire, which the bird mistakes as the result of the operations of worms and insects in the interior of the post. Every one knows the fondness of bears for honey. It has been noticed that in mountainous districts they seem to mistake the vibratory sound of the telegraph wires for the grateful humming of bees, and, rushing to the post, look about for the hive. Not finding it on the post, they scatter the stones at its base which help to support it, and, disappointed in their search, give the post a parting pat with their paw, thus showing their determination at least to kill any bees that might be about it. Indisputable traces of bears about prostrate posts and scattered stones prove that this really happens. With regard to wolves, again, M. Nielsen states that when a vote was asked at the time for the first great telegraph lines, a member of the Storting said that although his district had no direct interest in the line proposed, he would give his vote in its favor, because he knew the lines would drive the wolves from the districts through which they passed. It is well known that to keep off the ravages of hungry wolves in winter the farmers in Norway set up poles connected together by a line or rope, under which the wolves would not dare to pass. "And it is a fact," M. Nielsen states, "that when, twenty or more years ago, telegraph lines were carried over the mountains and along the valleys, the wolves totally disappeared, and a specimen is now a rarity." Whether the two circumstances are causally connected, M. Nielsen does not venture to say.

Nature.